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LEAR (KING OF) ENGLAND.

"Blow wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!"—SHAKSPEARE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 23, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains, besides a large and interesting variety of reading matter, a picture showing the arrest of a Russian Nihilist.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A NATIONAL QUESTION.

We have been reminded that the principle of State rights has been invoked for the protection of liberty more than once, and that our statement of the contrary was too sweeping, as it certainly was. The fact, however, remains that the distinctive State-rights party was the party of slavery and disunion, and that the cry is now raised again by those who count upon fraud and violence to carry elections, and upon so great a scale that it is a matter of national importance. The Springfield *Republican* thinks that to call attention to an immense electoral wrong, which involves possible civil convulsions, is to show an anxious desire to help the stalwart plan of a sectional campaign. If the statement of such a wrong be untrue, the *Republican* very properly deprecates its repetition. But if it be true, it ought to be emphasized, whether it helps the stalwart plan or any other. A sectional campaign resulting from suppression of the colored vote would be one for which "the North" would be in no sense responsible. Such a campaign arising from such a cause would be deplorable. But it would be much more deplorable if sensible men, seeing such a situation, should play that it did not exist, because to recognize it, and to deal with it by an appeal to the country, might be called a stalwart programme. That such is the situation is incontestable, and it is not to be dismissed with the remark that there are always irregularities at the polls. We quoted last week from a letter addressed to us by a Southern Union man, in which he says that he gives money to stuff the ballot-boxes, and that he does it in self-defense. Sir George Campbell, in his *White and Black in the United States,* says that he was in the South during the elections of 1878. He describes the cheating in detail as practiced in South Carolina. There was no concealment, and no pretense that anything but fraud was intended; and he states that there was matter enough within his own knowledge to have vitiated such elections in England a hundred times over. The result was, he adds, that "South Carolina returns a solid Democratic representation to the next Congress." The question raised by such elections Sir George frankly admits to be whether the amendment of the United States Constitution securing equal electoral rights to the blacks is really to be enforced, or whether it may be set aside in practice by the action of individual States—"Is, in fact, the settlement at the end of the war to be maintained or surrendered?"

Sir George is not a stalwart shaker of bloody shirts, but an exceedingly sensible and shrewd observer, who sees the situation without party spirit or sectional prejudice, and his testimony is of the highest value. It is precisely the situation that he describes which keeps alive the sectional aspect of politics, and which renews the discussion of State rights. The Louisville *Courier-Journal,* with the amusing truculence of the old fire-eating epoch, remarks in effect that the condition-of-the-negro question is not a national question. But even that journal will not deny that a party majority in Congress or a party President secured by an elaborate, open, and general system of fraud is a matter in which even voting mud-sills may rightfully interest themselves. The puerility of the effort to set off against the suppression of the colored vote the influence of large proprietors in Northern and Western States over their laborers is merely contemptible. Instances of sporadic cheating and unfair influence at the polls are always possible. But does any well-informed man allege that in any other than certain Southern States there is deliberate coercion of the vote of an immense voting class? In the election of 1844 that eminent Louisiana politician John Slidell, by his Plaquemine frauds, secured a Democratic majority of 970 in a parish in which the whole Democratic vote of the previous year was 306; and this fraud gave the electoral vote of the State to the Democrats, whose whole majority was only 690. Would anybody pretend to put against such systematic and wholesale electoral swindling at one point, the cases of farmers and proprietors in other States who may have threatened to dismiss their hands if they did not vote as they were told?

It is both to facilitate and to conceal this enormous wrong that the cry of State rights and of soldiers at the polls has been raised. What invasion of State rights is alleged? The supervision of national elections in the States by national agents. If that be a danger to just local right, it is in pursuance of a law whose constitutionality has not been questioned by the courts. The cry of military interference is raised to confuse the real question, which is usurpation by forcible and fraudulent suppression of the colored vote. It is a dismal prolongation of the politics of the war, which is to be regretted on every account, but which can not be avoided by shutting our eyes. The instant that any Southern white party insists that the legal colored vote shall be protected, or that it shall be reduced by any equable qualification, the national question arising from it will vanish. But so long as the Southern whites forcibly and fraudulently suppress the colored vote, lest by an honorable and legal reduction they should lose in the basis of representation, it will be necessarily a national question.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

Among the books of the summer there have been several additions of permanent value to our political literature. We have already alluded to the *Life and Writings of Albert Gallatin,* by Henry Adams, published in Philadelphia by Lippincott & Co. We have now to note the second volume of Von Holst's *Constitutional History of the United States,* covering the period from 1828 to 1846—leaving the final struggle of slavery for a third volume—which is issued by Messrs. Callaghan & Co. in Chicago. At the same time Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Co. publish in Boston the first volume of the *Life and Epoch of Hamilton,* by Judge George Shea, and the Harpers in New York issue a small volume, *A True Republic,* by Albert Stickney. Every part of the country except the South, where Mr. Alexander H. Stephens's *History* is the latest important political work, is thus represented in the summer's publications, and all the books we have mentioned must be read by the student of our politics. Von Holst's *History* is remarkable not only for its masterly grasp of the real current of our political development, but for its acute constitutional perception and analysis. With all its warmth of feeling and high political morality and undisguised admiration of certain men, it is perfectly just and impartial in weighing argument and estimating character. There is nowhere a truer portrait of Calhoun, or a more incisive appreciation of Calhounism. Young Americans may well read and ponder this graphic narrative of the opening effort of slavery to usurp control of the Union—a narrative which will throw great light upon the political situation of to-day.

But our present purpose is to call attention to Mr. Stickney's little book, which is a striking and thoroughly independent political speculation. It is refreshing to meet an American who, in talking or writing politically, is brave enough to say precisely what he thinks, and whose censure is based upon perfect trust in the honesty and sense of the people. Mr. Stickney notes the political doubt and discontent of the most intelligent and patriotic Americans, and his object is to show its origin and remedy. He proposes the question affirmatively, how shall we get the best public service of the best men? That is the sole political inquiry befitting a truly intelligent people. He proceeds to answer the question in a direct and searching tone, in a crisp, pointed, and interesting style, and with a vehemence of conviction and affluence of illustration which bear the reader resistlessly along. Hereditary monarchy, or the tyranny of kings, as a means of obtaining the best service of the best men, he soon disposes of. Constitutional royalty, or Parliamentary government, which is the present English system, he considers to be unfinished revolution, and his chapter upon the British government is an aggressive and vigorous criticism which exposes in detail its inadequacy for its own purposes, and in so striking a way that it is very sure to challenge a retort if Mr. Bagehot has left a worthy successor. Proceeding from the English to the American system, he finds that the intention of our government was the choice of rulers by the people, and the use of the offices for the benefit of the people. But while this was the intention, the result has been government by party instead of the people, party choosing the rulers, and offices used for party and not for the people. At this point it is desirable that the impatient remark, "Party is indispensable," should be repressed, for it is apparent that the author has probably thought of the subject as much as the impatient reader, and this assertion of the indispensability of party is the precise point that he denies. He goes on to allege that government by party is false republicanism, and that it prevents the very thing which is accepted as the true objective point of government—the best public service of the best men. This chapter of our own political history is exceedingly entertaining as well as suggestive; and boldly trusting his own logic, our author, knowing that the declaration will be stigmatized as rank heresy, next asserts that party is the most dangerous foe of free government.

The argument for party is that it is a combination to carry measures. Mr. Stickney, on the contrary, alleges that it has never been this, but always a combination for the gratification of personal ambition. The interests of the people have always been subordinated to the interests of men working for office. He illustrates this again by the history of our parties. Jefferson organized the first opposition party. Its "principle" was State rights. Hence nullification; hence rebellion. It was a purely factitious question. It was in no sense a real or necessary issue, and was raised solely because of the necessities of party. The same necessity controls legislation. Congress and the State Assemblies are driven by the party machinery to party legislation, not to legislation for the benefit of the people. Thus party prevents, instead of promoting, concerted action, and it destroys general interest in public affairs, although these are both urged as reasons for the party system. As for party as a means of preserving governments, Mr. Stickney insists that it has been always the chief peril of government. The tyranny of kings and the tyranny of faction or party have hitherto prevented the people from selecting the best men to govern. The tyranny of kings has been overthrown. Our troubles spring from that of party. We must therefore overthrow party, and as the only radical and effectual means to do this, we must abolish the term system of office. The experience of a judiciary holding a life tenure shows that the highest character, capacity, and efficiency in the public service—that is, the best service of the best men—have been secured in that part of our system where there is no partisanship (or the least of it) and no constant recurrence to elections. Mr. Stickney then enters upon the question of life tenure for a Chief Executive and for a legislature, subject to the constant and immediate control of the people, in whom all power ought to reside, and to whom he wishes to restore it by the destruction of party and constant elections. His book is small, and so bright and trenchant that it is sure to retain attention to the end. It is a valuable contribution to our political thought, as much by its free and courageous and thoroughly American spirit as by the intrinsic worth of its suggestions. It is not the work of a political pessimist, or of an American dazzled by monarchy and Europe. It is a truly radical view: a plea for a more American America.

AN INSTRUCTIVE REMINISCENCE.

On the 17th of September, 1838, the following notice was published in the city of New York: "The officers of the Revenue Department residing in the Fifth Ward are requested to meet at Riley's Hotel, Tuesday, 25th of September, at half past seven o'clock. By order of Ichabod Prall, chairman." The *Evening Star,* alluding to the notice, said, "Above we have a call for a meeting of the officers of our Custom-house in order to interfere with the coming elections, and the apathy of our citizens in regard to such proceedings is calculated to alarm every friend of the republic." There were some gentlemen in the Custom-house, however, who were not zealous enough in the good work, and just before the election the organ of the Administration said, "We would just remark to those gentlemen that a vigilant eye is upon them, and that their proceedings on the three days of November next will not escape scrutiny." In forty years this abuse, then so startling, had become so confirmed that when the President condemned it he was denounced as if he had assailed the dearest right of a free citizen, and the evil itself was gravely declared to be an essential part of our political system.

Hammond, in his *Political History of New York,* says that John Quincy Adams was defeated because he refused to resort to this system of government control of the elections. But John Quincy Adams himself said, with long and wise forecast, that if he yielded to the system, "an invidious and inquisitorial scrutiny into the personal position of public officers will creep through the whole Union, and the most sordid and selfish passions will be kindled into activity to distort the conduct and misrepresent the feelings of men whose places may become the price of slander upon them." How perfectly this prophecy has been fulfilled is familiar to every man who takes part in politics; and Von Holst, a profound and thorough student of our political history, treating of this subject, says, unreservedly, "It is owing only to the astonishing vitality of the people of the United States, and to the altogether unsurpassed and unsurpassable favor of their natural conditions, that the State has not succumbed under the onerous burden of the curse."

It is very fortunate that the good sense of the American people has shown within the last few years an awakening perception of the follies of the system which the most sagacious and efficient of our statesmen have unsparingly condemned. The justice of their condemnation is not affected by the fact that when they were in power they yielded to the wrong. That does not prove that the wrong was right or inevitable, but only that they were weak. From the time in 1820 when Mr. Van Buren wrote "our sufferings are intolerable," because certain postmasters in New York would not facilitate party work, down to 1879, when Mr. Young, in Ohio, insists that there ought to be "a clean sweep," there has undoubtedly been a strong and successful element in every party which held with the old Council of Appointment in New York, and with Swartwout and every official rascal who has ever stolen the public money and disgraced the public service, that every place in that service is the proper plunder of the successful party at an election. As the evil has ceased to be theoretical, as it becomes more and more evident that the gratification of the higher political ambition is no longer to be gained by superior ability and character and statesman-like capacity, but by corruption, intrigue, and "pipe-laying," the good sense of the country naturally begins to look into the matter, and will presently correct it. That most musty argument, that it is an abuse which has always existed, and therefore can not be disturbed, not only begins with a falsehood, but would prove nothing if it began with a truth. The abuse has not always existed; but if it had, it could be cured as other congenital defects of our system have been cured, and history will credit the Administration of Mr. Hayes with the first thoroughly earnest and successful effort to prove the folly of the assumption that reform is impracticable.

WOMEN AT THE SCHOOL ELECTIONS.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has authorized women who are willing to be assessed for the payment of taxes, and who are duly registered, to vote upon school questions. It is announced that there are eight thousand women in Boston who are already taxed for property, but that up to a recent date only some two hundred of any class had applied for registry as school voters. That fact, however, proves nothing which has been disputed. It shows that there is no general and eager desire of women to vote. But it has never been asserted that there is such a desire, and the indifference does not touch the question of the rightfulness or the desirability of their voting. The movement for extension of suffrage has not generally proceeded from those who were deprived of it; and even in Rhode Island, when Mr. Dorr obtained an expression of the desire of the unenfranchised to vote, they showed that they did not desire to take any extraordinary or forcible measures to obtain the right.

The force of such a tradition as that which has given the franchise to one sex only can not be dispelled merely by giving it to the other also, as emancipation can not of itself put a slave upon the level of a man who has been always free. The recent law in Massachusetts shows only that it is the opinion of a most intelligent commonwealth that the general welfare will be promoted by the equal participation of women with men in the care of the interests of education. Nothing would seem to be more evident. But it often takes a great deal of time and trouble for self-evident propositions to get formulated into law. Our fathers solemnly declared that they held it to be perfectly plain that all men were born with an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. After a hundred years of desperate debating and bloody fighting, we have got that evident truth into the form of law. In another hundred years we may get it into practice. But above all things, patience.

The advantage of a law which makes

equal rights more practicable is not material only, but moral. It increases respect for law by identifying it with justice, and devotion to the State by showing that the State rests upon actual consent. All the increased trouble, if any, that might arise from the voting of women, would be balanced a thousand times over by the consciousness that the total intelligence of the community was made available in government. "But would you drag these delicate flowers through the mire of partisan politics?" Yes; just as FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was drawn through the mire of military mismanagement. A woman at the school polls in Massachusetts is FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE at the soldiers' barracks in the Crimea. If the one was good, the other can not be bad. If one was heroic and poetic, the other can not be disagreeable.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

THE excitement in London over Mademoiselle SARAH BERNHARDT seems to have been rather ridiculous. She is a clever actress of unquestionable personal fascinations, and that is all. The London *Spectator* dismisses the *furor* as contemptible, and a graphic letter in the New York *Nation* says that the lady has in a supreme degree the advertising genius. The writer thinks that while some of her gifts are charming, she is not only far from belonging, as an actress, to the race of RACHEL, but she is not what the French call a real *comédienne*. Indeed, the great actors of the French company, the Comédie Française, over which London has been "raving," are the men. The *Nation* letter speaks of GOT, DELAUNAY, and COQUELIN as very remarkable actors, and regrets that it is not Monsieur COQUELIN instead of Mademoiselle BERNHARDT who is coming to America.

The *Spectator* laughs indignantly at London "society" and snobbery for falling into a fashionable frenzy over what they did not half understand. "A vulgar rush," it says, "is not the less vulgar because princes take the lead in it, nor is the applause of a mob less contemptible because the mob is English and Leicester-Squarish instead of American with a sprinkling of French Canadians and Louisianians."

But Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, is of opinion that they may laugh who win. London has paid him about £20,000 to see the French actors, while he has paid the actors only £12,000. But it is computed that including what has been paid to them at the great fair, and at private houses, and in all ways, the French Company have received £30,000 for their forty-five days in London. It must be gratifying to Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY that the crowd which last year ran after the Berlin Company, this year idolizes the French Company.

One of the most interesting results of the visit is a paper contributed by M. FRANCISQUE SARCY to the *Nineteenth Century*, which was first spoken as an address at the Gaiety theatre. It is a sparkling sketch of this famous French society of actors known as the Comédie Française. It was practically founded by MOLIÈRE, and confirmed by LOUIS the Fourteenth in 1680. It is a democratic society with government supervision. And such a society is perhaps possible only in a country whose national passion is the stage, and in a city where everybody is fond of the play, and is a good judge of it. It is a perfectly appointed dramatic company. Its current *répertoire*, or the number of plays which it can perform at any moment, is one hundred, and the completeness and satisfaction of the performance are due to the fact that every actor, if not great, is full of stage knowledge and tact. The public to which it plays is homogeneous, intelligent, and exigent. Paris has done much by its criticism to train the company, while in such an atmosphere the production of plays has been stimulated, and MOLIÈRE, REGNARD, BEAUMARCHAIS, VOLTAIRE, and SCRIBE were all born within sight of the walls of Paris. The government has subsidized the Comédie, and insisted upon ruling it, and its education has been the result of a contest between the three forces of the company, the government, and the public. It was almost ruined under the Restoration and the LOUIS PHILLIPE monarchy by insistence upon the old plays. The great public came almost to hate the great authors, and except for government aid the company would have dispersed. The great RACHEL alone could draw houses. But the great RACHEL was terribly costly. She was selfish, and would not become a member, which would have compelled her to divide with the rest the total receipts, which she put into her own purse. But M. SARCY does her injustice in saying that she resisted the modern drama. SCRIBE'S *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and VICTOR HUGO'S *Angelo* were two of her chief plays. With the republic and the empire more prosperous days dawned, and a member entitled to a dividend of one part now receives sixty or seventy thousand francs per year. The Comédie has pensions and superb collections and famous traditions. But there is no longer a Parisian public, intelligent, severe, instructed. There is a huge provincial crowd demanding a hundred repetitions, itself undiscriminating, and exhausting the forces and freshness of the actors. Yet the Comédie is still uninjured, and still stands for the vanished France of MOLIÈRE. It is still a power greater than its members, as Mademoiselle SARAH BERNHARDT, the idol of the hour, may yet discover.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

THE Montreal *Star*, a cautious and orthodox journal, publishes a letter to GOLDWIN SMITH which throws light upon the Canadian situation. The writer addresses Mr. SMITH as the coming man for "Canada's exigency," which, he says, requires "new men at the helm," but rebukes him gently for his inexplicable partiality for the "so-styled Conservative party." This so-styled partiality has been remarked before, but we understand the position of Mr. SMITH, who takes a most intelligent interest in Canada, to be simply a preference for that party when it moves in the direction in which he wishes the country to move. There are very patriotic Canadians, however, who think—and he, perhaps, shares their feeling—that there is little to choose between the "Conservatives" and the "Reformers" either in point of political principle or of public morality, and who place their hopes upon a floating Liberal element which as yet has no organization.

The political situation in Canada is undoubtedly very much disturbed. The correspondent of the *Star* declares that the country is losing both its prosperity and its population, and that the growing demand for some great radical change will soon be as popular among the farmers of Ontario as it is in Montreal. His opinion is that the remedy lies in independence, and not in annexation, which he says is now very generally bruited. All that is necessary for Canadian prosperity under its admirable system of government he holds to be access to the markets of the United States, and that is practicable only through the treaty-making power of an independent state. "Give us the United States markets," says this correspondent, "and in twenty years New York would lose its title of 'Excelsior.'"

On the other hand, the feeling for annexation is daily increasing in the maritime provinces, and Mr. SCOFIELD, a leading member of the Northumberland County Council, recently introduced resolutions demanding annexation, and when a motion was prepared looking to his expulsion for such a suggestion, he defended himself with force and dignity, concluding by declaring that he held the MONROE doctrine, "America for the Americans," and that continental union is as sure as the rising of the sun. The London *Examiner* frankly expresses the same opinion. Nobody in Canada appears to like the existing situation. The Dominion can not be more sincerely attached to the Old Home than the thirteen sea-board colonies were a hundred years ago, and when it sees that its true interest demands union with the rest of its own continent, it will be peacefully accomplished.

ORANGES.

MR. SAMUEL B. PARSONS, of Flushing, who is deeply versed in the lore of fruit and gardens, says that the Chinese sweet orange was introduced into Spain after the first settlement of Florida, and that the wild orange of Florida is probably a descendant of the sour Seville orange introduced by the Spanish settlers three hundred years ago. This is the fruit of the "natural groves" of Florida, which cover about one acre in a thousand, according to Mr. SOLON ROBINSON, and the cultivated groves of sweet oranges are almost as few as the wild groves. But within ten or twelve years the number of sweet-orange trees that have been planted in Florida is immense, and they are just coming into profitable bearing, although it will take ten years more for them to reach their full capacity of productiveness, and then they will bear every year through a man's lifetime. Mr. ROBINSON says, also, that an orange grove will give more profit than an apple orchard of the same area.

Florida, it seems, is not a land of flowers, but rather a wilderness, where there is ample room for planting fruit and civilization. But what has been done thus far has produced the most agreeable results in the Northern markets. Delicious oranges are already abundant and cheap; and when they are as universal and as cheap as apples, Florida will have done a service which will be gratefully recognized. The climate and the crop are most alluring to settlers; and when Florida politics mend, the orange market will doubtless improve even upon its present excellent condition.

The orange crop, we learn from Mr. ROBINSON, is liable to injury directly from the scale insect, the die-bark, and the frost. All groves above latitude 28° are in danger of frost severe enough to kill leaves and tender branches, although it is nearly fifty years since there has been frost sharp enough to destroy large trees. In 1835 some trees which had borne fruit for more than a century were frozen to death. The disaster almost paralyzed the culture, and the long Indian war that followed stopped the planting of trees except in protected places. Transportation was difficult, so that every train and boat from St. Johns during the winter months now carries away more boxes and barrels than the conveyances then carried oranges. Such facts may well cause Northern WHITTINGTONS to fancy that they hear the Florida orange groves whispering, "Come South, young man, come South!"

MR. HAYT AND THE PONCAS.

THE present administration of Indian affairs very properly declines to be held responsible for the treatment of the Poncas before 1877, and it was compelled to carry out the law which required their removal. It is unnecessary to say that no abuse in the treatment of the Indians would be permitted by the present Secretary of the Interior, if it was brought to his knowledge, and his sagacity and vigor in the care of the Indian department are known to the country. The national wrong toward the Indians, however, is undeniable, and the national policy can be changed only by awakening public opinion.

The grievance of the Poncas is not a new thing, although it is now urged upon public attention. Commissioner HAYT said in his annual report:

"It should be remembered that their old reservation in Dakota was confirmed to the Poncas by solemn treaty, and at the time of making the treaty they received promises of certain annuities in consideration of the cession to the United States of a large tract of land. That treaty, which is still in force, also recognized certain depredation claims which are still unadjusted. By a blunder in making the Sioux treaty of 1868 the 96,000 acres belonging to the Poncas were ceded to the Sioux. The negotiators had no right whatever to make the cession, and the bad feeling between the Sioux and Poncas, which had existed for a long time, compelled the removal of the latter to the Indian Territory. In this removal, I am sorry to be compelled to say, the Poncas were wronged, and restitution should be made as far as it is in the power of the government to do so. For the violation of their treaty no adequate return has yet been made. They gave up lands, houses, and agricultural implements. The houses and implements will be returned to them; their lands should be immediately paid for, and the title to their present location should be made secure. But the removal inflicted a far greater injury upon the Poncas, for which no reparation can be made—the loss by death of many of their number, caused by change of climate."

This is substantially the story as we have told it. It is a national disgrace, and it is not easy to see how the courts of the United States can afford the Indian redress for a violated treaty, although, as we said last week, there are many who think that it will be found possible to do something to punish a trespass by individuals upon his rights.

PERSONAL.

MR. TABOR, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, presents a good illustration of what people do in that State who have suddenly acquired wealth. A little over eighteen months ago he kept a small grocery store at Leadville. Two miners, customers of his, prospecting in the neighborhood, induced him to go into partnership with them on the basis of a grub stake; *i. e.*, they to do the work, he to supply them with grub. All he gave them, the legend is, was about $40 worth of provisions, after having wiped out an old debt of some $100, most of which was for whiskey. They struck the "Little Pittsburgh" mine, and to day Mr. TABOR is worth several millions, and has bought out his partners for $400,000. The whole of this wealth is now re-invested in new mines, in bank operations, and in the erection of new buildings in Denver. Nothing could ever entice him into dissipation, or even mere luxury. Like JONES and SHARON, and other men of bullion, he may some day appear in the Senate.

—WHISTLER, the artist who had a wordy difficulty with RUSKIN, had later a pecuniary difficulty with his creditors. A pleasant friend, calling one day, said, "I congratulate you on your getting so well through your difficulties with your creditors." "Not *my* difficulties," replied WHISTLER, flourishing his white lock and grinning; "*their* difficulties, not mine, dear boy—*theirs!*"

—Captain EADS, who has successfully completed the great jetties below New Orleans, is a small, rather fragile-looking man. A peculiar pallor of his skin and a very quiet manner make him seem even smaller than he is; but he has a very thoughtful and determined face, like a man who has the utmost confidence in himself, and knows how to wait.

—Mr. POTTER, a somewhat prominent member of the House of Commons, is coming to the U. S. to spend part of his vacation, being an admirer of republican institutions. Speaking enthusiastically in the Tea-Room of the House, he exclaimed, with energy, "I would give anything to be able to visit the United States a hundred years hence." "Yes," said Mr. BRIGHT, who was sipping his tea, "I have no doubt that about that time POTTER would give all he possessed to change his quarters."

—It is a curious fact that NAPOLEON I., NAPOLEON III., and the Prince Imperial, in succession, wrote their wills on British soil.

—Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, a Scotchman, has been writing a book about Americans; a good book, of course, for he praises us. He didn't go about the country ferreting out our little infelicities of cooking and talking, but went to the core of things. He says: "Mrs. TROLLOPE denounces the lower class of American men as rude and barbarous in the extreme. For my part, I can say I found them quite the contrary. Whenever I had occasion to talk to any of them, I was generally impressed with their civility, intelligence, and education. One thing particularly struck me, and that was the quiet and orderly character of their political meetings—I may almost say the dullness of them; for I think they were somewhat too quiet. They never interrupt a speaker, but always let him say out his say without the smallest hinderance, however distasteful his ideas may be to some of them." Sir GEORGE thinks, upon the whole, that in point of energy and enterprise the Americans are rather above the average Britisher, and about equal to the average Scotchman; that we are an extremely law-abiding people; and that the great body of the people use a little better English than is used in any county of England.

—The late General WILLIAM F. BARRY, who was not only one of the best artillerists the American army has produced, but also one of the most accomplished and genial of men, used to tell how at Fortress Monroe was fired the first salute after sundown, such proceeding being contrary to Army Regulations. President TYLER had been fishing in the bay, and on his way home was displeased because he was not saluted by the fortress. The old commandant came down to meet him with deep respect; but Mr. TYLER sternly asked why he had not fired a salute to him. "Excuse me, Sir," answered the soldier, "but it is past sundown." "Sundown be hanged," rejoined TYLER; "I am commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and I order you to fire a salute to the President of the United States." Respectfully touching his cap, the old commandant withdrew without another word, and coming back where BARRY stood, he directed him to get out the battery, and superintend the salute. Then he said, in pitiable, quivering tones, "I have been in the army for years, my boy, and I never disobeyed the Regulations before, and I am forced to do it now, and the man who commands it is President of the United States!" and with that the veteran, who would have faced death without flinching, burst into tears.

—Messrs. GAMBRILL & FICKEN, the well-known architects of this city, deserve the thanks of all who frequent Coney Island for the tasteful and convenient structures that make the new iron pier at West Brighton so pleasant a resort.

—It is facetiously related that on the door of his Greek class-room Professor BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, had occasion a few weeks ago to put up this notice: "Professor BLACKIE regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scraped out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with BLACKIE? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor BLACKIE regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses!"

—The Comtesse GILBERT DE VOISINS (Mlle. TAGLIONI), though now a very old lady, is in perfect health. She has never been ill in her life, except that she had once an attack of cholera; she does not know what headache is. Life is very pleasant to her; she delights in teaching her graceful art to children, and she is so kind and gentle and charming that her pupils all love her. Most of them are young ladies of the noble families of England. The countess has a son and daughter. The latter, MARGUERITE, is the wife of Prince TROUBETZKOY. Her brother was severely wounded in the Franco-Prussian war.

—Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, says the London *News*, "is no coward. The sobriquet of *craint-plomb*, afterward contracted into *plon-plon*, which he bears, was given to him by a journalist who was himself no lion, but who took occasion of the Prince's having fallen ill in the Crimea to say that his Imperial Highness had blenched under fire. Nothing can be less true, but it suited NAPOLEON III., for dynastic reasons, to encourage the report that his cousin was a poltroon, for had Prince NAPOLEON, with his striking likeness to the first NAPOLEON, turned out to be a god of war, he would have been a most dangerous rival."

—THACKERAY'S character of Foker is said to have been drawn from a Mr. ANDREW ARCEDECKNE. This Mr. ARCEDECKNE probably had in mind when on the evening of THACKERAY'S first lecture in London he entered the club-room where the lecturer was receiving the compliments of divers literary friends. The London *World* describes ARCEDECKNE as planting himself in front of the literary giant, and thus exclaiming: "How do you do, THACK? I was at your old show this afternoon—yes. What a lot of swell old women you had got there, to be sure—yes. Been very much complimented, I dare say—yes. But I don't mind saying that to me it was deucid slow. I'll tell you what it is, THACK, you want a piano."

—The Earl of Aylesford has set up a regular coach between Hamburg (now become the swell English summer colony on the Continent) and Frankfort-on-the-Main. As Lord AYLESFORD is rather lively in his habits, the London *World* says that invalids at Hamburg residing on the ground-floor of houses where the first floor is to be let are in a state of anguish as to whether they may find this youthful scion of nobility established over their heads.

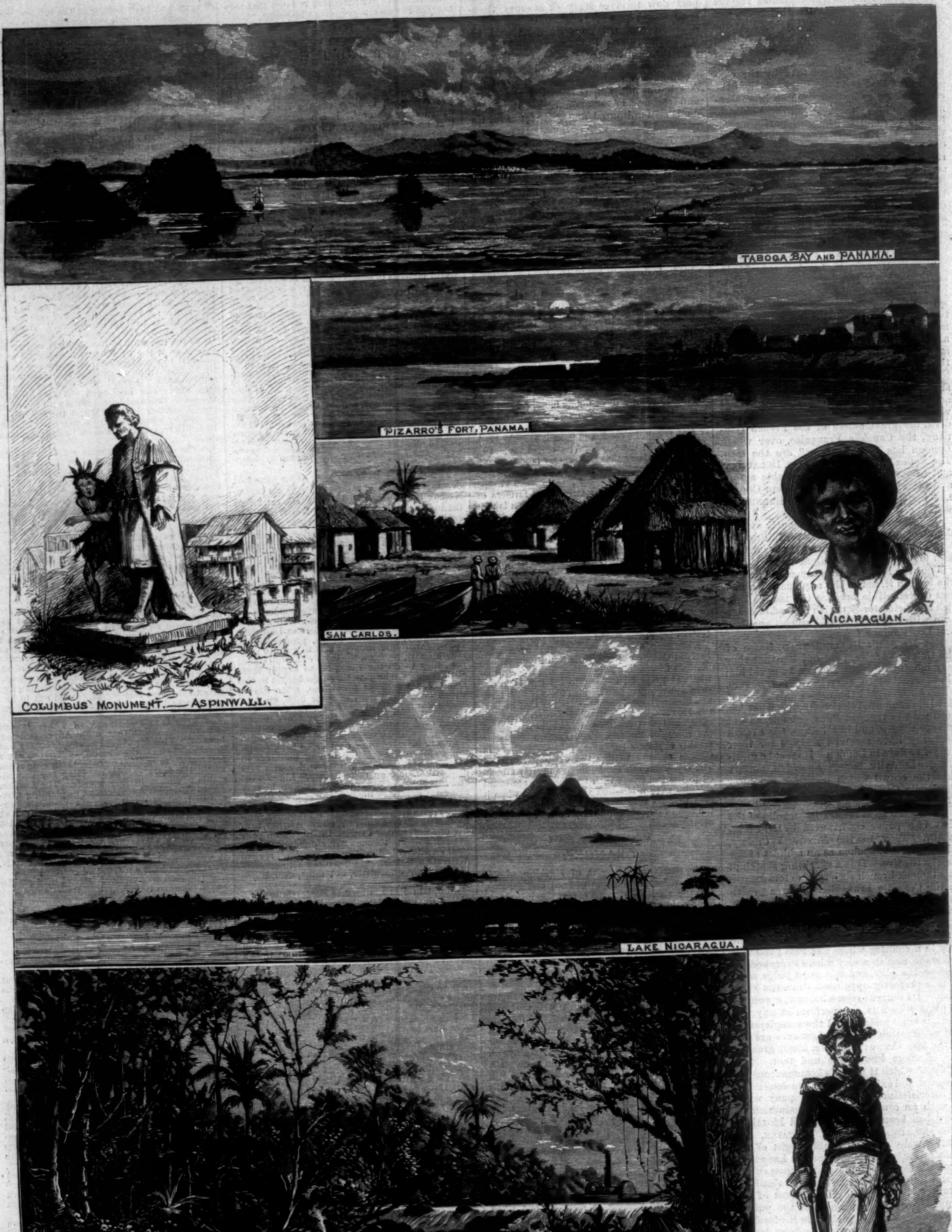
—A daughter of MILLAIS, the painter, is about to be married to Lieutenant JAMES, of the Scots Grays, who was wounded at Ulundi.

—GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI has written a fine Italian ode "Per la Morte di Eugenio Napoleone." The poem is throughout treated, says the *Academy*, not from a political, but from a human stand-point.

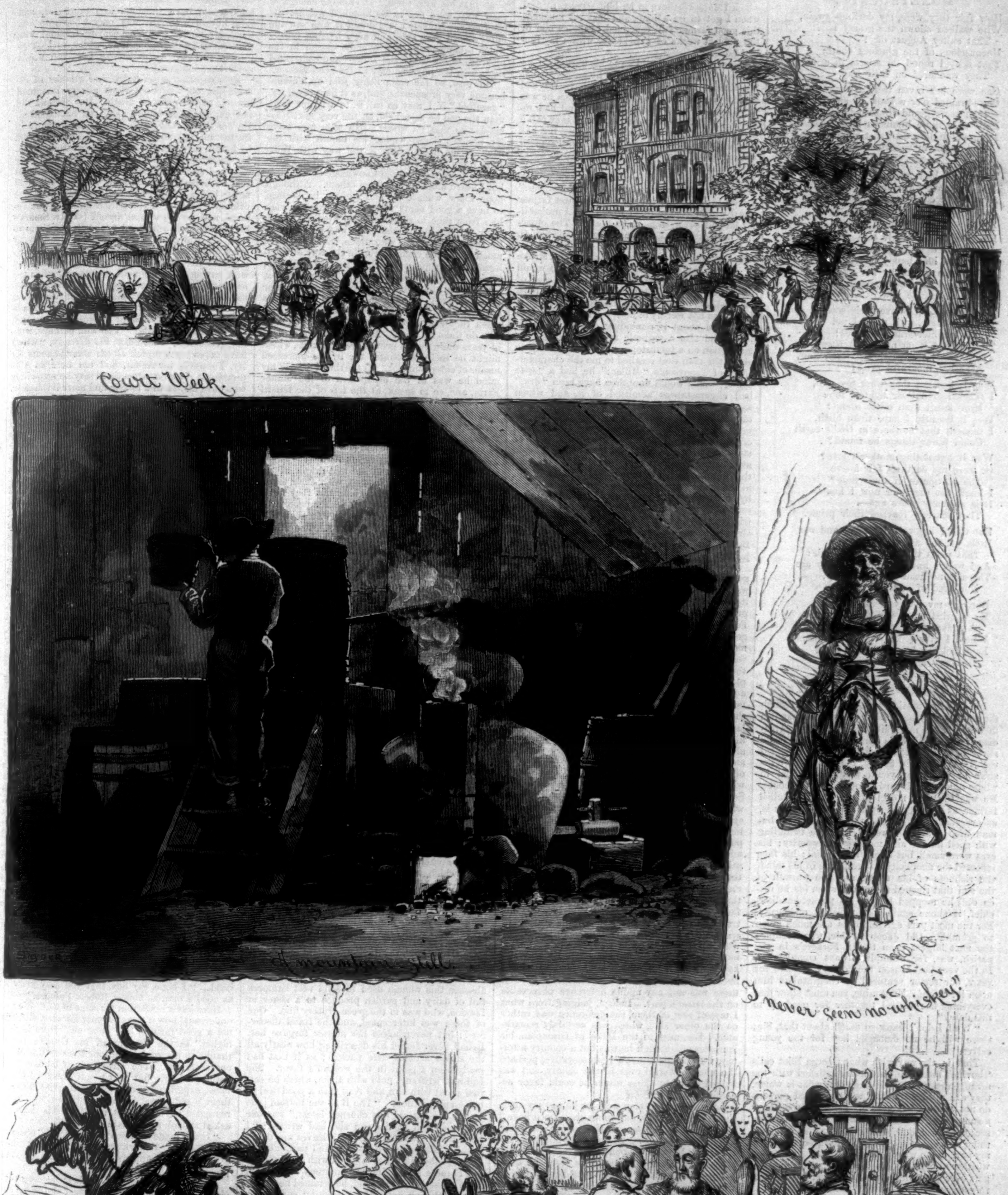
—Mr. OSTROM, who captained the victorious Cornell crew at Saratoga in 1875, is now an engineer with the Detroit Iron Bridge Company, and does an occasional bit of correspondence for the papers.

—Some sensation was caused at the House of Commons a few weeks ago by the discovery that some wag had posted up in one of the principal corridors a clever drawing of Lord BEACONSFIELD as a domestic cat with nine tails. The likeness was excellent, and the nine tails were supposed to represent war, slavery, bankruptcy, imperialism, and other evils which have been associated with the policy of the present government. The drawing was in its way quite a work of art. Many members inspected it before it was removed by the officials of the House.

—Only twelve foreigners are honored by tombs in Westminster Abbey. The first is that of ISAAC CASAUBON, the theologian; the next, that of ST. EVREMOND; the third, that of GRABE, who deserted both Geneva and Rome for the Church of England. Then there is the tomb of CONVAYER, called by Dean STANLEY "the BLANCO WHITE of the eighteenth century;" and not far off, that of EZEKIEL SPANHEIM, a professor at Heidelberg, who died in England as the representative of Prussia at the court of St. James's. The Duke of Montpensier's statue was admitted for dynastic reasons; and the remains of THEODORE PALÆOLOGUS, descended from the last inheritors of the Eastern Roman Empire, have a right to lie in the Abbey, since he fought in ST. JOHN'S regiment at Naseby. There are also in the Abbey memorials to Sir JOHN CHARDIN, the celebrated explorer of Persia; to PASCAL PAOLI, the hero of Corsican independence; to STEIGGER, a young Bernese noble; to the nephew of the great TURENNE; and to ARMAND DE BOURBON.



SCENES ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA AND LAKE NICARAGUA.—DRAWN BY FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 674.]



LAW AND MOONSHINE—CROOKED WHISKEY IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.—From Sketches by F. H. Taylor.—[See Page 667.]

HONEYSUCKLE.

How fair they were, my darlings twain,
Who walked adown the grassy lane
That sultry August day!
Unconscious of the gracious charm
That floated round them, arm in arm
They wandered on their way.

One wore her raven tresses low,
Close-braided o'er a brow of snow,
Like some grand Roman dame.
Hers were those luminous large eyes
From whose dark depths strange gleams arise
And break in sudden flame.

Around her sister's gentler face
The brown hair rippled; tender grace
Was in her form and look;
A wild-rose color on her cheek;
Brown loving eyes, contented, meek,
And clear as summer brook.

I sat beneath a shady tree
And heard their laughter floating free,
Through idle, happy hours;
I saw them gather by the way
The straggling clusters, sweet and gay,
Of honeysuckle flowers.

I watched them weave their scented spoil
In eager haste, with playful toil
And laughter-brimming eyes;
They twined it on my faded brow—
Ah, Heaven! I have that garland now,
A sacred, mournful prize!

Was it because they were my own,
I fancied even their lightest tone
More sweet than other sound?
Was it because I gave them birth,
I thought that nowhere in God's earth
Could fairer things be found?

Was it but doting mother's love?
Or were my darlings fair above
The playmates of their time?
I knew not then, nor now I know,
It is so many years ago—
They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me
Rolls yet the awful, tideless sea
That parts their world from this:
And well I know that where they are
There is no need of sun or star,
Nor need of mother's kiss.

But o'er my honeysuckle wreath
My wearied heart will often breathe
A prayer for those bright bowers,
Where I may see my daughters stand,
Each holding for me in her hand
Heaven's amaranthine flowers!

THE HONEST FARMER.

I HAVE heard it said by a Londoner that though the country may be Arcadia, the people that live in it are pretty much like the Burlington Arcadians,* after all. This cynical gentleman could never have seen Robert Foracre, who occupied the Manor Farm, in Sefton, the village in Wiltshire in which my youth was passed, and in whose quiet church-yard I hope to lay my bones. He was the very model of the honest English farmer, as represented upon the stage, which is, as everybody knows, but the reflection of human life. He had a round red face twinkling with good humor and moderate prosperity; his eyes were small, but bright and genial; his face reflected the simplicity and rectitude of his mind, the richness of his crops, and the warmth of the sun that ripened them, and when (as he often did) he mopped it with his pocket-handkerchief, it shone again like polished mahogany. For the most part agriculturists are much given to grumble. Old Jacob Arable, who occupied the next largest farm to Mr. Foracre's in our parish, was, for example, always complaining. In the very best season the country had had for years, our rector ventured to congratulate him upon it: "Come, Mr. Arable, you must allow that everything has worked together for good up to this date?"

"Well, I don't know so much about that, Sir; there will be no damaged hay for the young calves."

That is the way with what George Eliot calls "bovine" men: they are never satisfied with the arrangements of Providence; and what is worse, they are always wanting what civilized persons do not want—such as rain. I scarcely remember a summer when the country has not been represented as in a desperate state for lack of something or another more or less disagreeable. For my part, I use what influence I have to get fine weather always. I have noticed that the country gets over its troubles somehow; and then it lasts forever, which I, unhappily, shall not.

Well, Robert Foracre was a glorious exception to these wet blankets. When I used to say, "I hope we shall have fine weather for the cricket match," he always answered, "I hope you will, Master James," though all the time his fields were parching; and when I said, "I hope it will be wet to-morrow, because then I sha'n't go to school, he said, "I hope so too, Master James," though all his hay was lying out. When the squire asked him how his crops were getting on, he always answered, "Nicely, Sir:" in a word, he liked to make things comfortable all round, and if they were not so, he didn't make a fuss about it. Robert always reminded me, when a little child, of those chubby suns in the picture-books which smile from the sky at the attempts of Boreas and other puffed-out ministers of storm and wind to produce unpleasantness. As I grew older he became a rustic divinity who dispensed syllabub in an orchard. (I have never tasted it since, nor even thought of it till the papers went mad the other day about the Pope's Syllabus, which I do not believe to be half so nice.) And when I got to be a man, and lost my illusions, this good farmer still remained to me as one of the noblest works of Providence within my limited horizon.

From what I have said as to his unruffled temper and sanguine views it will be gathered that Mr. Robert Foracre was a bachelor. He had come as a stranger into our district when he was a young fellow of four-and-twenty, and had remained in it for forty years, in what I may call a state of siege from maidens and widows, but had held out gallantly, and was at length pronounced impregnable. He was rallied, of course, about this and that rustic beauty, but he only replied with a good-humored laugh, or by the modest confession that "he was not good enough for her." I used to think this answer of the honest farmer worthy of Macchiavelli, of whom in all probability he had never so much as heard. The objection in question has, of course, been made before, but always with the intention of winning the lady: to use it as a means of escape was a stroke of genius, and I am not sure but that it would stand a man in good stead even in a case of breach of promise of marriage. "I would have married her, my lord judge, Heaven knows, but I felt I was not worthy of her." There is a serious obligation about it, reminding one of the Decalogue, and also a pathetic touch suggesting an inscription on a tombstone. There were features about the man that recalled to me the characteristics of Tennyson's "Miller:" he had a "wise smile," which would doubtless have been "dry," had circumstances admitted of it, and which seemed "half within and half without, and full of dealings with the world." For with all his quiet geniality, Mr. Foracre knew how to take care of himself. In Wiltshire we are not fond of strangers; we are a simple race—some people even call us "moon-rakers"*—and apt to imagine that outsiders wish to take advantage of us; and in the first instance the honest young farmer was by no means received with open arms. His modest ambition was to take a small farm in the district, the whole of which belongs to the Duke of Grampian, and he applied to Lawyer Smart, the Duke's steward and managing man, with this object.

Now Mr. Smart was not a person to let land go out of his hands to any man without good warrant not only of his solvency, but of his ability; and it was always rather a matter of surprise how this applicant obtained his first footing. For, to tell the honest truth, Foracre was not a good farmer, in an agricultural sense, though morally, as I have shown, as good as gold. He was not sound upon the theory of the rotation of the crops; he used little guano, and seldom employed machinery; and though he was far from an idle man, he took life rather easily. He did not rise with the lark, or brush "with hasty steps the dews away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn." If he ever made an appointment of that kind, he never kept it; but, at the same time, he always spoke with respect both of high farming and early rising. Indeed, he spoke with respect of everything except of poachers and Dissenters, who happened to be the two classes which Mr. Smart held in highest reprobation; and it was whispered that it was the young fellow's artless sympathy that won the land-steward over to let him have the little farm. He paid his rent very punctually for several years, and by no means mismanaged the place, but he could scarcely be said to have improved it; and it was understood that the Duke would have none but improving men upon his land. Therefore the surprise of the neighborhood was considerable when another farm, much larger and more valuable, was intrusted to him. It was well known that there was a limit to the distance that mere agreement with his opinions could carry Mr. Smart; and, moreover, on the occasions when he and Mr. Foracre, now a middle-aged man, but of course much his junior, met in one another's society, there was not any undue deference observable on the latter's part. Indeed, judging from what I myself saw of them, the deference was rather on the other side, which was certainly remarkable. For, next to the Duke of Grampian, his land-steward, though he was but a country attorney, was, as his Grace's representative, perhaps the most powerful man in the county, and was looked up to by those whom he could favor accordingly.

I remember the man well, for he was my uncle the rector's lawyer, and more than once have I ridden over on my pony to Barton, our post-town, where he lived, with documents for him from my relative. He had a good house looking on the street, with a large garden in its rear, and quite independent of the "office" establishment, with which, however, it communicated; and I recollect, boy as I was, how it surprised me once to see Farmer Foracre come out of the former part of the edifice one day like a guest and an equal.

My uncle raised his eyebrows when I told him of it, as though he could not make it out either; for Mr. Smart had no daughter to marry (even supposing her union with a farmer would not have been a *mésalliance*), but only one little boy, who it was said would one day be immensely rich. However rich he was growing, that did not prevent Mr. Smart from money-getting, at which he was a very sharp hand; and I think my uncle had his suspicions that honest Foracre would have to pay pretty handsomely for the consideration with which I had seen him treated. Tenants of the Duke had more than once been sold up rather suddenly, and the principal creditor, who had supplied them with money (for a due consideration) during their embarrassments, had proved to be Mr. Smart himself. Every one would have been sorry had this fate happened to honest Foracre, and indignant also; for it was plain that his wits, though serviceable enough in their way, were not to be matched against the attorney's. Nobody could doubt it who saw the latter's hard gray eyes and keen hatchet face—which seldom broke into a smile except in the presence of his Grace the Duke—and contrasted them with the physiognomy of the good farmer.

However, so far from being sold up, Foracre became very prosperous, and, as it happened, was "gazetted," if I may so call it, to a larger farm than the one he then held, on the very next market-day to that on which I had seen him leave Mr. Smart's house wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, which is the way with Wiltshire folks after a good meal. Thus far I have written from my personal knowledge of the man, but I heard much of him from others. Although none knew whence he had sprung, he seemed to have a good many friends, who came to visit him from time to time, and who were all apparently respectable persons. It was noticed, too, by those that spoke with them, that they were much above the common run in the way of intelligence, and superior to their host in that way, if not in social position. This, again, was not set down in the good man's favor, for bachelor farmers, even of middle age, are sometimes coarsely convivial, and will surround themselves, when they can afford it, with boon companions who do them no good. As Mr. Foracre advanced in years these guests grew more numerous, which might be easily accounted for by his increased means of entertainment. At the time I have in my mind he was in the occupation of the Manor Farm, and, so to speak, at the top of the tenant tree; but what was observed as curious was, first, that his friends only came one at a time; and secondly, that no friend ever visited Mr. Foracre's twice. They came, and apparently enjoyed themselves: they shot and fished (for Mr. Smart gave Foracre greater sporting rights than were enjoyed by most tenants), and ate and drank of the best, and parted, as it seemed, with their entertainer upon the best of terms; but they never turned up again in Sefton. Another peculiarity of the honest farmer's visitors was that they were always giving him presents. The Manor Farm, large as it was, was almost entirely furnished by the contributions of its tenant's friends and admirers: they did not send mere knick-knacks such as form wedding presents, but serviceable articles of value—carpets, dinner tables, and book-cases, of all of which Mr. Foracre made no more than a fashionable curate does of his gift slippers. He never flaunted his popularity in the face of his less fortunate fellow-creatures: "Smith and Jones," he would say, "are very kind, much too kind," and that was all. One day he had a very handsome silver breakfast service sent him, such as probably was not to be seen in Sefton, except in the squire's house. He was very unwell at the time, and this act of generous attention might have caused many a man—softened by illness—to make much of such a gift; yet no one so much as heard him speak of it. Nevertheless, he could not disarm envy; and I well remember Miss Tabitha Prim, a bitter old maid of Calvinistic opinions, the sister of the village doctor, taking on herself to remind him of what was written about laying up gold and silver against the day of wrath. But the excellent fellow only smiled, and thanking her for her good intentions, at the same time pointed out to her that they were without application in his case, since the metal in question was only electro-plate. Foracre had a good deal of quiet humor—a gift which, when joined to imperturbable good temper, is not resented by even the dullest people; and though he never offended others, he was very forgiving when the offense was committed against himself. For example, he was cheated very shamefully by his housekeeper. He used to go away for a short holiday every year, choosing some slack time in agricultural operations, which he passed, it was understood, at the house of one or other of his numerous friends. During his absence this woman used to send vast hampers full of dairy and garden produce to a sister in London, who was in the green-grocery line. One of these was intercepted, and the fraud discovered; but nevertheless her master forgave her. I shall never forget his describing how neatly all the stolen articles were packed; as if that had really been a point in the woman's favor. She had also written a note with them, which he carried about with him, and read with a good deal of quiet appreciation. "The B at the bottom [she meant the butter] was churned latest," was one sentence; and at the end she had written: "I hope this finds you as well as it leaves me, thank God." This housewifely care and particularity, and also the piety that mingled with it, seemed to Mr. Foracre so admirably humorous that, so far from prosecuting the thief, he retained her in his service, though not without exciting some scandal. Miss Tabitha always said that if the woman had been less good-looking (though for her part she could see little enough to admire in her), she would have been dismissed from the Manor Farm. It was not likely, however, that the flicker of Miss Tabitha's forked tongue could affect honest Robert Foracre in the opinion of those who knew him. As a matter of fact, vices he had none, and even his weaknesses were not prejudicial to other people. If he took a glass too much at market, it never made him quarrelsome; he would come home singing in the gig, instead of silent—that was all. And in his latter years this was rather frequent. Many a time have I heard him thunder by the rectory door at night (for on such occasions he would drive very fast), caroling forth his favorite ditty of the "Hornet," or Harnet, as he termed it in his country pronunciation:

> "A harnet sat in a hollow tree,
> A proper spiteful twoad was he,
> And a-merrily sang as 'ee did set
> His sting as sharp as a baggonet," etc.

These little things in Wiltshire are considered very properly as mere foibles. What his neighbors would have ridiculed him more for, had they known it (but it was only known to Dr. Prim, Mr. Smart, and his intimate friends), was that he was a hypochondriac, which, to look at him or to listen to his cheery talk, you would never have imagined.

He had often short but severe attacks of illness, and on these occasions always imagined himself at the point of death. But his end did not happen, poor fellow, at all as he expected. He was thrown out of his gig coming home from Barton market, and from being a little elevated by liquor, perhaps, got a fall that broke his neck. No occurrence, without any exception, was ever mourned so much in our village; for we all felt that an honest man was gone, and one who had never had a cross word for anybody. All the principal persons of the parish attended the funeral, and my uncle and myself (at Mr. Smart's invitation) went afterward to the Manor Farm to hear his will read. There were a good many other folks there—the friends that had been staying with the poor man from time to time, and who, having doubtless read of the accident in the newspapers, had come to pay him their last tribute of respect; but not one of them seemed to know any of the others. Under the circumstances, Mr. Smart thought it necessary to say a few preliminary words: "You will, perhaps, wonder, gentlemen," said he, in his dry way, "why I have taken upon myself all the arrangements for Mr. Foracre's interment, and am here in this prominent position, when there may be some here who have known him longer and more intimately. But the fact is, I was not only his legal adviser, but am bound to him by ties of obligation, which I hope myself and Ebenezer here"—he pointed to his son, a serious young gentleman of nineteen years of age, whom he had brought with him—"will not easily forget. When Foracre came into this district he was unknown to any one within it, and it was my good fortune to have the opportunity of letting him a small farm. He remained in it for some years, winning the approbation of all about him, apparently in the enjoyment of good health; but presently he had one of those sudden and severe attacks of illness to which, as most of you know, he was unhappily subject, and caused me to be sent for—professionally. Gentlemen, I do assure you I had no more notion than yourselves, when I was thus summoned, that that visit of mine would have been fraught with any consequences to me or mine; judge, therefore, my astonishment when our deceased friend—who, indeed, looked like a dying man, and whom I little thought had the useful career before him with which we are all acquainted—was so good as to thus address me: 'Mr. Smart,' said he, 'you have behaved very kindly to me since I have come into your neighborhood. I have not been so good a farmer as I might have been, but you have borne with me very patiently.' Gentlemen, these words went home to my heart; for, as a matter of fact, I had written to him rather intemperately, and even warned him that he would have notice to quit this farm. 'I propose to make to you,' said Mr. Foracre, in a faint voice, 'some little return for your considerate conduct. I am not a rich man, but I have a few thousand pounds not invested in my land; and though the sum will be doubtless insignificant in your eyes, I hope it will have a value from the means—so honorable to yourself—by which you will become possessed of it. Having no relatives of my own, I mean to leave the whole of my property, not to you, my dear friend—no, not to you, because I am aware that in that case you would be incapacitated from drawing up my will—but to your sweet little boy Ebenezer. Of course I would have preferred you to enjoy it yourself; but since this illness, though I feel it to be mortal, may not result in death, I leave it to your son, instead of you, since he at least, it is certain, will outlive me.' Here is the will, and here is the heir," continued Mr. Smart, laying his hand with solemnity upon Ebenezer's head. "I hope, my boy, that you may grow up as good a man as honest Robert Foracre."

Here was a revelation for some of us. We now understood how it was that poor Foracre, although not a good farmer, had gone on "from high to higher" in the tenancy of his Grace's farms, thanks to his good intentions toward Master Ebenezer Smart. The strangers, of course, knew nothing of this, but they too, it seemed by their faces, experienced considerable surprise. One of them, a red-haired, keen-faced fellow, who vastly reminded me of a ferret, rose from his chair and asked to look at the date of the will.

"It was made eighteen years ago, Sir," observed Mr. Smart. "The witnesses are both alive, however, and, as it happens, resident at Barton at the present time."

"There is no objection to their residing there eighteen years longer," remarked the ferrety individual, with great coolness; "but I have a will here, made by the late Mr. Foracre, and dated nine years later, bequeathing his whole property to my own son John Adolphus Cannie. I too, I am glad to say, have had the opportunity of being of some service to the lamented deceased, and in consideration of it he executed this deed, which you will find perfectly attested—"

"As to *your* will, Mr. Cannie," interrupted a second stranger, with a lofty but yet a legal air, "I am sorry to say, for *your* sake, that it is mere waste paper. Only two years ago I had the good fortune to make our deceased friend's acquaintance, under circumstances that I think I may say it is a comfort to me, on an occasion like the present, to look back upon, and he was so good as to mark his sense of my course of conduct by leaving to my only daughter Sarah Lawson, as will be seen in this document—"

"My good Sirs," broke in another grave and powerful voice, "unless you have any instrument executed by the late Robert Foracre of a later date than July 19 (which I think is hardly prob-

* The Burlington Arcade is a famous lounging thoroughfare (with rather a wicked reputation) that runs out of Piccadilly.

* A rustic in Wiltshire was once seen endeavoring to rake the moon out of a pond, which has ever since caused reflections to be cast upon us.

able), you need not trouble yourselves to contest the matter."

"And who the deuce are you, Sir?" inquired Mr. Lawson.

"Sir, I am, as you may read for yourself, Mr. Foracre's residuary legatee."

At this great and terrible word a ghastly silence fell upon the whole group of expectants. At last Mr. Cannie ventured to remark that the very handsome carpet on which our feet were now placed had been his own gift to the deceased, made to him on the understanding that his son was to be his heir, and to keep the remembrance of the boy in the testator's mind, and that he did hope, under the circumstances, that the residuary legatee would return the carpet.

"I beg to observe," said Mr. Lawson, "that there is a piano chosen by my daughter, and purchased by myself under precisely similar circumstances, now in this house, and I think, in common justice, that it at least should be returned to me."

"It appears to me, gentlemen," observed the residuary legatee, with a grim smile, "that we are all lawyers, and that any appeal to the feelings—especially upon such a ground as common justice—is ridiculous and absurd. What the law will do with the late Mr. Foracre's property I shall be happy to tell you, on the authority of his last will and testament." And thereupon he read the will. It bequeathed most of his property in rather touching terms to his dear friend Alexander John Furnival, "in token of much kindness," and appointed the same his residuary legatee. It was about £4000 in all, £500 of which went to the housekeeper who had filched his butter. Notwithstanding this proof of the excellent disposition of the deceased, there were some very severe things said to his discredit, and especially that he had obtained the gifts and good offices of many of those present on promises which were in fact false pretenses.

"My dear Sirs," said the residuary legatee, blandly, "we all went in for the prize, and unhappily only one could win it. It is possible if it had been permitted our departed friend to live another month or two, he might have made a new disposition of his property; but, as it is, I am the fortunate heir. An excellent luncheon has, it seems, been provided for you, and though there is a question as to my liability for any such expense, I will cheerfully defray it. Let us part good friends."

"And do you mean to say, Sir," exclaimed Mr. Smart, in his thinnest and sharpest tones, "that this fellow never mentioned to you the fact that he had led me to imagine for the last eighteen years that my son was to inherit his property?"

"He never mentioned your name, Sir, to my knowledge; but there was a memorandum folded up in the will, which I did not read, and which has a reference to you. Your family burying-place, I believe, is in this parish?"

"What the deuce has that to do with you, Sir?" inquired Mr. Smart, with irritation.

"Nothing to do with me whatever, but something to do, it seems, with Robert Foracre. 'It is my wish,' he says, 'to be buried as far from Bartholomew Smart as the limits of the churchyard will permit, lest by any chance, when the devil comes to take him, as he most assuredly will, he should make any mistake.'"

LAW AND MOONSHINE.

Transmontane North Carolina is, from its conditions of isolation, a little world within itself. Asheville, its central town, and the county seat of Buncombe, is attained as yet only by coaches over rough and toilsome roads, or by the lighter alternative of the saddle, through the gaps of Hickorynut or Swannanoa. These billowy uplands, the famed "Land of the Sky," are hemmed in by encircling ridges and peaks which attain the highest altitude known in the Appalachian chain. Through fertile but contracted vales the French Broad River pours a fretful tide, re-enforced by the Swannanoa and many minor tributaries.

All nature beyond the immediate confines of the pretty county town is wild, grotesque, and provincial, and not less so are its people. Just at present the spring term of the United States District Court is in session, and the streets of Asheville are alive with the mountaineers. They are here either as principals or witnesses in "moonshine" cases—a species of law-breaking held by their class rather as a virtue than a sin. The manufacture of illicit corn whiskey affords such exceptionally ready and broad profits, and its makers have so long enjoyed immunity from all danger, save of an occasional raid, that the little distilleries hidden away up the mountain slopes and in the ravines may be numbered by hundreds.

It is impossible to convince these big-boned, semi-barbarian people that the revenue official who comes with an armed posse into their haunts, searching for and destroying their stills, is not an emissary of a tyrannical and unjust government, for whom the sly bullet is but too good a welcome. An ample basis for many a tale of romantic adventure might be found in the experiences of government agents doing service among these mountains.

Last autumn some of the legal fraternity of the State petitioned the Collector of Internal Revenue at Washington to proclaim an "amnesty" in this and some other districts, hoping thereby to slacken the existing tide of outlawry. Under its provisions many offenders came down to court and paid the costs charged against them, whereupon the indictments held over their heads for all past offenses were quashed. They were told to go and sin no more.

The experiment can hardly be called a success, inasmuch as the present term of the court shows a marked increase in instances of recent offenses of illegal distillation and coincident perjury. Thus the court-room and the square in front of the substantial edifice of justice are picturesque with groups of motley, grizzled, and long-haired men in slate-colored homespun.

It must be recorded that the hand of national justice, as represented in the presiding judge, seems to bear its weight rather more upon the lenient balance of the scale than is consistent with a wholesome respect for and fear of the laws made and provided.

Conviction of moonshining misdemeanors is often made a difficult task for the prosecutor by the interposition of legal obstacles and quibbles palpably in favor of the defendants. The average mountaineer regards the obligations of an oath very lightly, and stands prepared to testify to the immaculate innocence of his neighbors in all matters of distillation, as he expects a like courtesy in return whenever an unfortunate inquisition by the powers that be makes it desirable. Under present conditions the revenue officers can hardly hope to do more than confine the tide of surreptitious whiskey within the bounds of local consumption. Liquefied corn untainted by the flavor of revenue paste is too dear to the native palate to be relinquished from any mere considerations of mild fines or light imprisonment.

Our illustrations on page 665, drawn by our artist while on a recent visit to Western North Carolina, show some of the comic aspects of the whiskey war. The proprietor of the still, rising meekly to stand his trial at court, and asseverating that he "hadn't seen no whiskey;" the court-room, where he sits surrounded by sympathetic friends; and his hasty ride homeward after acquittal, putting his mule to full speed, lest "them bar'ls o' mash 'll spile fur stan'in' so long," are realistic scenes of the legal farce.

IMPROMPTU DROLLERIES.

My first experience of a theatre was a particularly unpleasant one. My mother—leading lady in a south of England *corps dramatique*—when I was a tiny urchin, after many entreaties on my part, took me with her one evening, and placed me in an out-of-the-way nook behind the scenes, to see the first act of the piece, which she told me was called *The Vampire; or, the Bride of the Isles.* I had not the least notion of what either a vampire or a bride might be like, but was on the tiptoe of expectation, when my mother suddenly recollected that she had omitted to put on the tartan silk scarf which, as the Lady Margaret, it behooved her to wear, and told me to fetch it from her dressing-room. Intent on obeying her, I ran half way across the stage, when the floor suddenly opened beneath my feet. I fell a long, long way down, and alighted in the arms of a hideous monster, with a yellowish-green cadaverous face and long dishevelled hair. The ground closed at once over our heads. Escape was impossible; and a feeble distant light just served to show me that this frightful wretch and I were alone in a capacious dungeon, surrounded by beams, cranks, screws, blocks, and pulleys. At that time I knew not their names; but from my remembrance of some pictures that had been shown me in a story of the Inquisition, I at once recognized in them instruments of torture and of death.

The monster, who seemed quite at home in this terrible abode, tried to comfort me when I cried; but the closer he hugged me to his breast, the more terrified I was. At last he saw a man in a white jacket coming toward us, and called out: "Here, Watty, come and take this child to her mother."

"Hollo!" said the man, "has little missy fallen through the vampire trap?"

Dimly I began to comprehend that the ugly monster was an actor waiting in that dark and dismal cave until he should be wanted on the stage; for I had seen a pantomime in which a beautiful lady had disappeared through the ground; but *she* came up again presently, without seeming any the worse, whereas it took *me* all the evening, even when quite safe on *terra firma*, to recover from the effects of my transit to the shades below.

To the uninitiated, many expressions heard within the walls of a theatre sound strangely enough; for example, the property-man says to his subordinate, "Joe, just iron those waves out, will you? I'd like 'em nice and straight for the *Colleen Bawn.*" Joe's reply being, "I'll do 'em by-and-by; they're too damp at present." Or, "Has any one seen the crash?" Or, "Who made that hole in the leap?" "Go and ask the wardrobe-keeper for the red cloaks for them supers as has to sit as mucky-coves [magnificos] in the senate scene." "This thunder's worn out; it's cracked from top to bottom." And so on.

One actress says to another, "Please lend me a 'scream' for Fiordelisa" (*Fool's Revenge*). To "draw first blood" is to get the first round of applause in a piece. "A pill" is a long disagreeable part to study. A character easy to personate and acceptable to the public is described as "all sack and sugar."

Calls and Encores.—Surely these compliments have now arrived at the height of absurdity. By degrees we have become reconciled to seeing Othello and Desdemona, Richard and Richmond, Lady Isabel Carlyle and her child, Leah, etc., whom we have just beheld die—as per the author's decree—resuscitated at a moment's notice, solely for the purpose of bowing their acknowledgments to an admiring auditory. This may gratify the artist's vanity, but it certainly helps to destroy the interest in the drama's illusion; and I entirely agree with the old Yorkshire woman, who observed, on seeing Lear and Cordelia come before the curtain in response to a "call" just as she was shedding tears of pity for their hapless fate, that it was "nowt but babby-wark" (that is, child's-play). Recently, the ghost of a murdered countess, in the old tragedy of *The Castle Spectre*, was encored at the conclusion of the fourth act, after having appeared with lamp and dagger, and a wound in the breast, kissed and blessed her daughter—who, affrighted, fainted away—and then gliding back, vanished gracefully through the folding-doors of the castle oratory in a flood of blue fire, to the music of an impalpable harp, and a chorus of (supposed) angels' voices lustily singing "Jubilate!" Nothing, therefore, could be more absurd than for the young Lady Angela to have to recover suddenly, to be again overcome with terror, and again to fall into a swoon, while the shade of her respected parent went through the same "business" as before, and made a second exit, under precisely the same circumstances as on her previous appearance, and with all the accompaniments of blue fire, harp, and chorus.

Performing dogs, camels, donkeys, goats, pigs, and even a magpie—of silver-spoon notoriety—have had to respond to "calls." The very latest eccentric demonstration that I know of was in the drama of *Under the Gas-light*, when the locomotive had again to steam on, and fizz its thanks to an irresistible encore.

"*Stage Waits.*"—Nothing throws such a damper over a performance as a "stage wait." One night at a theatre in Yorkshire a piece was to be represented in which four of the ladies and gentlemen of the company should have begun the second scene. They were not forth-coming at the appointed time. The fact is, they were two pairs of lovers in real as well as in stage life, and had run away to get married in opposition to their friends' wishes. Presently the audience grew clamorous, and began to hiss. The manager went on to crave their indulgence—being obliged to change the play—and the only apology that occurred to him was that "the Misses Blank and Dash and the Messrs. Brown and Jones had all been suddenly taken ill"—an announcement that caused roars of laughter, and restored good humor to the much-enduring audience.—One night Prince Ludgar went off to address a disloyal multitude, and should have been seen almost immediately at the back of the stage haranguing them from the battlements; but, oblivious of this duty, the prince had retired to change his costume, and after a tedious "wait," the act drop was lowered amidst yells of disapprobation; and the unlucky actor expiated his fault on the following "treasury day" by a fine of half a sovereign.—At Liverpool a star came to play in a brand-new comedy. The theatre is large, and the dressing-rooms are numerous; the one appointed for Mr. B—— to occupy was so distant from the orchestra that the overture was unheard by him; the call-boy, of course, was sent to summon him; but full ten minutes elapsed before the gentleman was found. Meantime the curtain rose. The lady who began the piece spoke a long speech, and then quietly awaited the arrival of her supposed son, who, however, did not make his appearance until after a tedious "wait." Here there were no hisses, the theatre being attended chiefly by the upper classes; but the delay spoiled the star's reception, and acted as a wet blanket on the evening's amusement.

Realism.—A lady playing Louise the blind orphan girl, who had just been rescued from drowning, stands at the wings with a couple of pounds of pulverized ice hanging round her neck, in order that when the cue for her entrance is given she may go on the stage shivering violently; and she frequently stands ill clad and bare-headed at an open door on a wintry night, as her maid phrases it, "practicing her shivers." Such devotion to "realism" is only exceeded by that of a certain actress who, if report be correct, used to medicate herself every evening in her famous dying scene. Owing to the potion that she swallowed being actually poisonous, the convulsions and spasms that followed were strictly genuine, and highly appreciated by the spectators. An antidote used to bring the artiste to in about an hour.

A juvenile gentleman, whose voice was not by any means powerful, was representing Macduff. On his observing: "My voice is in my sword," one of his auditors called out: "I'm glad you told us, Harry; we were just wondering where it was." Another actor in the same character—well known to be an excellent combatant—was one night seized with a sudden and uncontrollable presentiment that he should be mortally wounded in the fight that terminates the tragedy, so threw his sword down, and made a hasty and ignominious retreat. Poor Macbeth, thus left in the lurch, imagined that some alarming illness had caused his enemy to back out. What was to be done? His death alone could satisfy poetic justice, and bring the piece to the orthodox conclusion; so in desperation he rushed off and dragged in the first person he met with; this happened to be the physician. Handing Macduff's sword to him, he spoke this remarkable extempore speech: "As killing is thy trade, now try thy hand upon thy master, as proxy for his coward foe." The combat was fought, and terminated, of course, with the tyrant king's being defeated and stabbed through and through several times—to make quite sure of him. The audience cheered, and called uproariously for the combatants. But the manager was not so well pleased, and fined the trio of actors—Macduff for not attending to his business, Macbeth for daring to "gag" in Shakspeare, and the unlucky physician for doing what he was actually forced to do.

A very weak tenor, in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: "Corney, what noise is that?" "Bedad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe." In the same lively city a late mayor gave his patronage, and was hailed with "a cheer for the ex-mayor!" When quiet was restored, a voice called out: "Now, boys, a cheer for the Double X mayor!" (Mr. Guinness, the great brewer, was the gentleman then filling the civic chair.) A Sir William Fondlove, in *The Love Chase*, summing up his personal advantages, says, conceitedly enough, "I'm every atom what a man should be." A man slightly lame was playing the part, when at this point a voice from the pit cried: "Barring the gamy leg, Freddy." On an Iago, who was disfigured by a frightful obliquity of vision, saying to Othello, "Wear your eye thus," one of the spectators unkindly remarked: "He can't, you fool! *he* hasn't larnt to squint."

A very tedious old actor, whose Hamlet occupied four hours, was once playing the part in a town in the Potteries, and with plenty of emphasis, but no discretion, was "ladling out" the celebrated soliloquy, "To—be—or—not—to—be," when an irreverent gallery boy called out to him: "Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach."

I was waiting at the wing one night to go on in the grave scene in *Hamlet*, when suddenly Mr. Seek, who was the grave-digger on that occasion, asked me what tune he ought to sing his verses to; so I whispered to him to sing them to the same tune as he had been singing something to the previous evening. He had never before gone on for the grave-digger, and had forgotten the text, so actually sang both words and tune as before:

> "Three children slid upon the ice,
> All on a summer's day;
> It so fell out they all fell in;
> The rest they ran away."

This occurred at Workington, and, strange to say, the highly respectable audience made no sign of being surprised at this strange version.

In a sea-port town, Black-eyed Susan's husband, the far-famed William, was thus addressed by the admiral, after his trial for striking his captain: "The sentence of this court is that you be hanged at the yard-arm of *every ship* in His Majesty's service; and Heaven have mercy on your soul!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The proprietor of a Scotch hotel informs "commercial gentlemen and tourists" that they can rely on comfortable accommodation at his establishment, and that "carriages and other conveyances, including a first-class country hearse, are kept for hire."

Leading Strings—Those of the first fiddle.

Sweeping Conclusion—The train of a lady's dress.

First Water, of Course.—A jeweller advertises that he has some precious stones for disposal, adding that "they sparkle like the tears of a young widow."

Why is a ton of coal like a popular actor who delays appearing before an impatient audience of two thousand persons?—Because it makes twenty hundred weight.

AT THE OPERA.

Adolphus (*speaking for the third time*). "Why so quiet, Lucinda?"

Lucinda. "I am perfectly intoxicated with the music, Adolphus."

Adolphus. "Oh, I see: you're air-tight!"

AMPLE JUSTIFICATION.

Magistrate. "You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff."

Irishwoman. "Sure, yer honner, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gintleman for me husband."

When is a Chinese the most like a vegetable?—Why, when a queue cumbers his head, of course.

It doesn't take a school-boy long to evince a love for division, provided another boy owns the apple.

A little girl, after profound reflection, sitting in her little chair by the fire, asked: "Mamma, how does a step-mother walk?"

A German poet says that a young girl is a fishing-rod; the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

The child probably destined to be the greatest of American naturalists is already born. He lives in Tennessee, and is the author of the remark that "a jackass is the only animal that winks with his ears."

Wiltshire Farmer (*who has been asked how it is that his daughters have not got married*). "Well, 'ee zee, Zur, zum y'ars agone them as wud ha' they, they wudn't have; and now them as they wud have won't ha' they."

The late Lord Glasgow was travelling once by rail, and tendered a "fiver" to the booking-clerk for a ticket. "Put your name on it," said the youth; and Lord Glasgow indorsed it as requested, and handed the note back. "Here! hi! mister!" cried the clerk, "I want to know who you are, and not where you're going to." Lord Glasgow's reply was not quite to the clerk's liking.

A good lady who on the death of her husband married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking on the painting, asked: "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenuous reply.

A woman with two heads has just arrived from Europe. Eight bonnets a year!—only think of it!

A certain young lady who was a little behindhand in her summer outfit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up, she told them—because she had no little hat yet.

A man can not help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it.

Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed that in the summer-time, when it is not needed, the sun is always as hot as an oven, while in the winter, when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is always as cold as an ice-house. We have noticed this too. It must be the fault of the almanac-makers.

Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

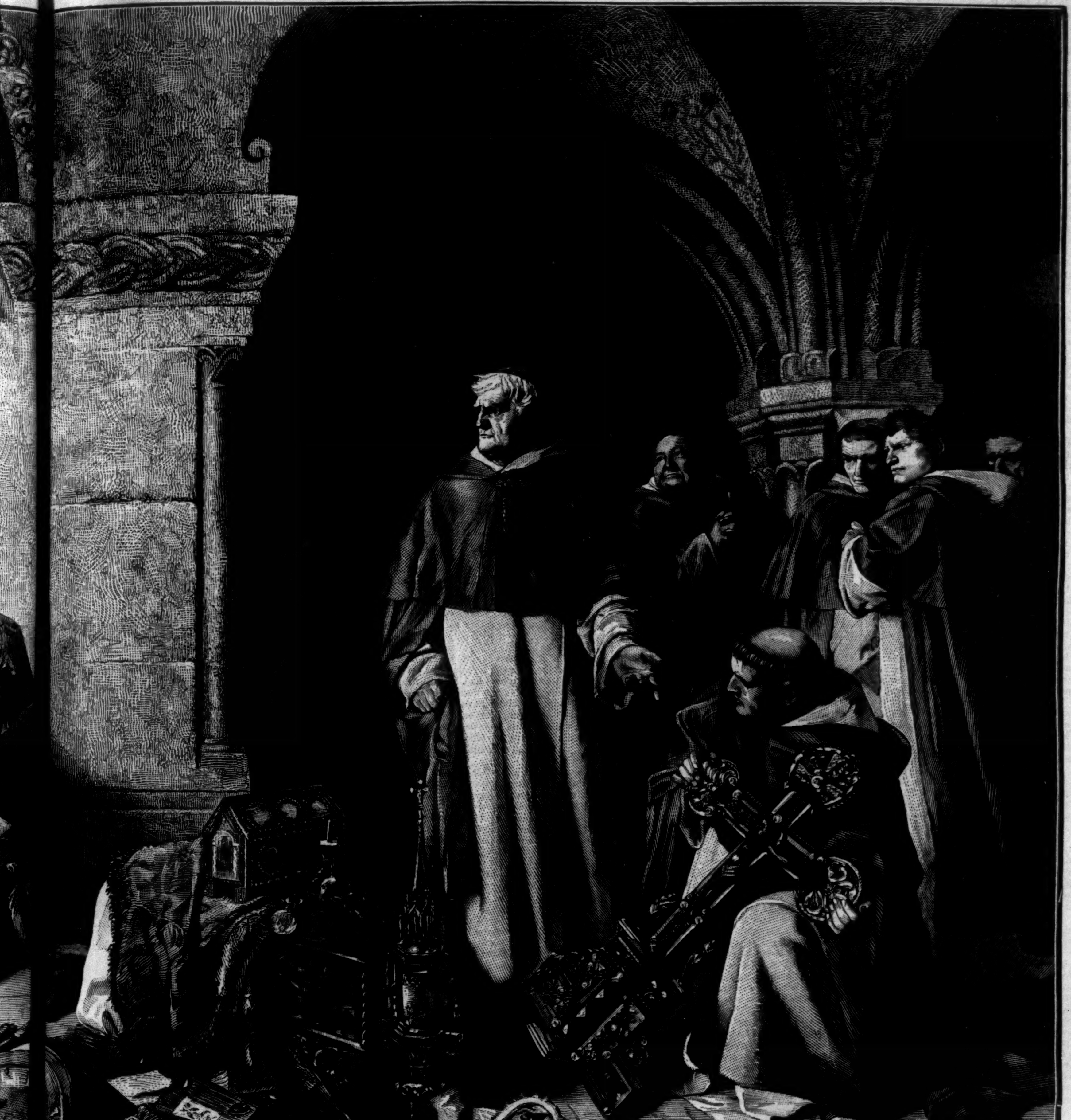
Mother-in-Law again.—"I marry my daughter to Gustave L——, you know," said the Comte de C——, a fortnight ago, in Paris. "I can not make that out," rejoined a friend; "for you are a monarchist, and Gustave is a republican." "Can't you? Well, it is revenge on my part. Gustave defeated me at the last elections. As it has been settled that after the marriage he and my daughter would live with us, I have no doubt that, with a sweet temper like that of my wife, Gustave will lead the most wretched life of any man in the world."

THE SPOLIATION OF A MONAS

MONASTERIES.

The practice of embracing seclusion and an ascetic life, for the sake of exclusive devotion to religion, was known in the East in the early ages of the Church, and is even by some zealous writers ascribed to the influence of the Apostles themselves. But it never became a conspicuous feature of Christianity until after the time of St. Anthony of Egypt, nor was it widely known in Western Europe until the middle of the fourth century. Athanasius is said to have then introduced monkish institutions into Rome, and about the same time they became numerous in Palestine and Asia Minor. St. Ambrose, who died in 397, denounced the monks as destroyers of humanity; but St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, by his preaching and example led multitudes to embrace a monastic life, and two thousand of his disciples are said to have followed him to his grave. In the early ages of monasticism the associations of monks and nuns were voluntary, and held together only by mutual agreement. Each was governed by its own customs, and some seem to have existed without any code of laws whatever. It would also appear from the decrees of the sixth and seventh General Councils that they gave rise to abuses and scandals of the same nature as in more recent times. But in 592 St. Benedict of Nursia founded, at the convent of Monte Casino, among the Apennines, the Benedictine order, and promulgated rules of life and government which have ever since remained in substance the controlling laws of Roman monasticism. The foundation of all these rules lies in the three vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," and the different orders have been mainly distinguished by the degree of strictness with which they interpret these vows. The Benedictine order remained without a rival for five hundred years, and was so numerous that it is said to have contributed 55,505 saints to the calendar.

The great growth of the Church in zeal and prosperity which followed the times of Gregory VII. occasioned the formation of other monastic orders. The most famous of these were the Franciscans, or Gray monks, founded by St. Francis of Assisi, under Pope Innocent III., and the Dominicans, or Black monk of Spain. The Franci the vow of proverty. preaching to the peop care of the sick an cities. Their first c in narrow, unhealthy the misery of a cro ligion and a love f continued to inspire t founder, but they be minicans, also known



[...]ONAS[TE]RY.—From a Painting by G. Gaupp.

k monk[...]nded by St. Domingo e Franci[...]laid great stress upon overty. [...] assumed the duty of he peop[...]l volunteered to take ick an[...]titute in the growing first c[...]s were usually built healthy[...]es, and always amid a cro[...]rity population. Re- love fo[...]ering humanity long nspire t[...]s they had done their her be[...]degenerate. The Do- known [...]eaching monks, made the conversion of heretics their special aim, and the Inquisition was intrusted to them. Indeed, the most eminent men in ecclesiastical learning arose out of this order. Among many other orders of monks, that of the Cistercians, founded by Robert at Citeaux, attained special celebrity. They wore white clothing, lived simple lives which recalled to their admirers the primitive Christian societies, and made their convents a sort of model schools for instruction in agriculture, thus exercising a wide influence in favor of a better treatment of the soil. There were monasteries in Germany of this order whose estates became so vast that, according to a proverbial saying, a Cistercian monk, going to Rome, might spend every night as far as the Alps on his own soil. St. Bernard of Fontaine, who became a monk of this order at Citeaux in 1113, and two years later Abbot of Clairvaux, was for many years by his eloquence and pie'y the most influential teacher in the Church, and the principal arbiter in disputes among princes and people. The Prémonstrate order was an outgrowth of the Cistercians. It was founded by Norbet, a canon of Cologne and chaplain of Henry V., who, after a sudden spiritual experience, often likened to St. Paul's conversion, gathered in the valley of Prémonstré in 1120 a number of pious followers, who joined him in taking monastic vows. They, too, wore white garments, and exercised a great and beneficial influence wherever the order extended.

The days of desolation for the monasteries came when the whirlwind of the Reformation swept through Western Europe. Whether there was really the amount of degeneracy and corruption within their walls which history seems to show, is a point too difficult to argue. We have many accounts of the condition of convents and monasteries when their hitherto sacred inclosures were thrown open to the view of the world. Especially in England has the long list of documents relating to suppression and the reasons therefor been preserved. The official letters, which reveal the condition into which the monastic establishments had degenerated, are chiefly in the Cotton Library, and a large number of them have been published by the Camden Society. Besides these there are also many docu-

ments in the Rolls House which confirm and complete the statements of the writers of those letters. There is a part of what seems to have been a digest of the "Black Book"—an epitome of iniquities under the title of *Compendium Compertorum*. There are also reports from private persons, private entreaties for inquiry, depositions of monks in official examinations, and other similar papers, which in many instances are too offensive to be produced, and deserve to rest in their present obscurity. Some of these, however, throw curious light on the habits of the time, and on the collateral disorders which accompanied the more gross enormities. "They show us, too," says FROUDE, "that although the dark tints predominate, the picture was not wholly black; that just as LOT was in the midst of Sodom, yet was unable by his single presence to save the guilty city from destruction, so in the latest era of monasticism there were types yet lingering of an older and fairer age, who, nevertheless, were not delivered like the patriarch, but perished, most of them, with the institution to which they belonged. The hideous exposure is not untinted with fairer lines, and we see traits here and there of a true devotion, mistaken but heroic."

The interiors of monasteries have furnished many subjects for the painter's brush, but few efforts of an artist's imagination have produced a more striking scene than that depicted in our double-page engraving. It is from an original painting by the German artist GAUPP, and shows unusual skill in handling figures and depicting variations of facial expression. Among German critics the work has received enthusiastic eulogies, the exceeding suggestiveness of each detail being described by one writer as follows: "The monks of the cloister have not feared that the outbreaking war which should make Germany for thirty years a battle-field for the armies of the world would penetrate into their quiet valley, where they live so far from the haunts of men. Without anxiety they apply themselves to their religious duties, and follow the rules of their order, while the cloister bell rings out the accustomed hours in the valley as if its earnest, peaceful tone might not be the means of attracting lust and passion and warlike men to invade their sacred retreat. They fancy that in their chapel, in their refectory, will be safe the paintings, the treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, with which their cloister has been adorned for centuries. Little do they themselves, who have renounced all the vanities of the world, know of the value of the treasures, vessels and implements, monstrances, crosses, altar cloths and chalices, paintings and decorations, which since time of old have been brought hither to do honor to God and the holy men and women whose lives were spent in His service. Many a prince of the surrounding country, many a count, and many a bishop have brought to this cloister costly vessels and ornaments in order to reconcile themselves and their dominions to Heaven, and to lay at the feet of the Church the luxurious triumphs of worldly art. One can picture the horror of the monks as one day the great door of their cloister resounds to blows made by sword hilt and steel-clad fist, and the porter turns pale and trembling from the gate to announce the arrival of stern and warlike men. What can be done? The worthy prior himself goes to the door, hoping perhaps to appease the travellers with pleasant words. But the conversation is not long. The knights are from the army of the Swedish king. They will enter, or burn the cloister to the ground. Submitting to the inevitable, the prior opens, and freely gives the command to bring forth the cloister wine. Then all is well with the soldiers, and they fill their glasses lustily, until their heads are full.

"But the leaders have yet another thought in their minds, another meaning in this visit. Imperiously they give the command to bring forth all the treasures of the cloister—vessels and gold and precious stones—and no argument or prayer will turn them from their desire. Their vassals seize what they can wherever their eyes may light upon it, and soon they have plundered altar and chapel and refectory. When all that has been thus collected together, with what the monks have been forced to bring, lie before him, the leader brings forth a written paper, and, to the horror of the monks, reads out a list of other treasures that the convent must contain. A magnificent altar cross he demands, sparkling with gold and glittering with jewels. God knows only whence this inventory has come. The prior, who can oppose no resistance to the power before him, brings out now the treasure of the cloister, this glorious altar cross, and adds it to the heap of costly objects lying in the midst of the room. With agony and despair he surrenders it, asking if the covetousness of his visitor demands yet anything more. Grim and miserable, the monks look on and see their cloister despoiled; the ancient well-beloved Brother Ambrosius clasps his hands together in wonderment at the terrible wickedness of these men, who take the image of the Mother of God from the wall, that they may rob it of its golden frame. Something, indeed, like an expression of remorse comes across the countenances of the leaders as they see the treasures lying before them in a heap, and look upon the pious monks they have despoiled. But war and its awful necessities soon chase away this lingering touch of mercy and compassion which has remained to them out of childhood's years. In a moment the thought returns, may there not be something else left of value? and a haughty demand is made of the prior if it be not so. With a noble glance, as if insulted by such a suspicion after having yielded so much, the pious monk points to the glittering altar cross, and tells the spoiler after that nothing remains to bring forth. They venture not to dispute his word, so commanding is truth in his aged, dignified person."

KASPAR HAUSER.

ON the evening of Whit-Monday, some fifty years ago, a citizen of Nuremberg happened to be loitering near his door, in an unfrequented part of the town, when he observed, a short distance off, an ungainly-looking young man standing in a singular posture, having the appearance of one intoxicated, and apparently making attempts to move forward without having the power either to stand upright or to control the movement of his limbs.

The citizen approached the stranger, who immediately thrust into his hands a letter—a letter addressed to the captain of one of the regiments then quartered in Nuremberg. The citizen attempted to question the strange youth; but in reply to his queries could only elicit a repetition of some unintelligible jargon, and therefore conducted him to the guard-room of the regiment. Here the captain's orderly took charge of the unknown, and led him to his master's house. The captain happened to be from home at the time, and as the stranger could give no account of himself in answer to the numerous questions with which he was assailed, and as he did not appear to understand anything that was said to him, he was taken for a kind of savage, and after much consultation on the part of the servants as to his disposal, he was shut up in a stable to await the return of the captain. The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of colored rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and a few religious tracts.

The poor fellow was so much fatigued that his attempts to walk resulted in an unsteady stagger, his feet were bruised and bleeding, and he appeared to be suffering intensely from the effects of hunger and thirst. Some meat was offered to him, but on tasting it he immediately spat it out in disgust. Beer too was given him, but on tasting a few drops of it he rejected it as he had done the meat. Some bread and a glass of water, however, afforded him much satisfaction, and he swallowed them eagerly. After refreshing himself in this manner, he threw himself on some straw in the stable, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was still asleep when the captain returned home, although several hours had elapsed. Attempts were made to awaken him, but for some time without success. They lifted him from the ground, and tried to place him upon his feet; but in spite of all their exertions the youth slept on, and seemed more like one dead or in a trance than a living being merely asleep. At last, however, his eyes slowly opened, and as if struck with the glittering color of the captain's uniform, he immediately commenced to utter the same jargon he had used to the bewilderment of the good citizen who had discovered him.

The captain knew nothing of the stranger, and no particulars could be ascertained from the letter of which he was the bearer. This letter did not give any clew to the name or previous home of the youth. It was not even addressed to any person by name, and from its style and orthography seemed to have been intended to pass for the production of some illiterate peasant. The writer merely stated that he was a poor workman with a large family, which he could ill support; that the mother of the stranger had placed him under his care when quite young; that the boy wished to be a soldier, as his father had been. No name was signed at the end of the letter, which closed with this inhuman sentence: "If you do not keep him, you may kill him, or hang him up in the chimney."

The captain was in a great dilemma with regard to the disposal of the charge that had been imposed upon him in so sudden and unexpected a manner; but at last, when every attempt at questioning had failed, the unknown was taken to the police station. Here they could make nothing of him. The usual interrogations as to who he was, whence he came, what was his business, etc., elicited no intelligible answer, and the authorities were much perplexed to know what to do with him. His tears, the state of his feet, and his childish and apparently harmless demeanor excited the pity of those who saw him. Opinions as to his real nature were divided. Some considered him an idiot, others thought him a savage. Not a few affected to believe that under this appearance of simplicity some cunning deceit might be concealed.

At the suggestion of one of the officials, pen, ink, and paper were put before him, and signs were made that he should use them. At this the stranger manifested considerable pleasure, and taking up the pen, to the infinite astonishment, it must be confessed, of all present, he wrote, in bold, legible characters, the words "Kaspar Hauser." Here, however, he stopped. All attempts to make him understand that they wanted him to write down the name of the place whence he came failed, and as a last resource he was committed to the prison where rogues and vagabonds were usually confined. On being conducted to his cell he immediately sank on his straw bed in a deep sleep. Such was Kaspar Hauser's first introduction to the world.

At this time Kaspar was about sixteen or seventeen years old, and four feet nine inches in height. His chin and lips were thinly covered with down; his wisdom-teeth, as they are called, had not yet come, nor did they make their appearance until about three years later. His hair, which was of a light brown color, was very fine, and curled in ringlets. The structure of his body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, showed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His hands were small and beautifully shaped. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands, and from their appearance had never before either been used for walking or confined in a shoe. His face, particularly when in a state of tranquillity, was almost without any expression whatever. He appeared to have little or no idea of the use of his limbs. His attempts at walking were most ludicrous, for they resembled the first toddlings of an infant. He was wholly destitute of words and ideas, and showed a complete ignorance of the most common objects of nature and the ordinary usages of daily life. In fact, the whole of the circumstances connected with the unfortunate youth were for some considerable time a dark mystery that baffled even the wisest in their attempts to fathom. He appeared to resemble an inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously and suddenly transferred to the earth, rather than one belonging to the same race of men who now exist.

The only food he could be prevailed upon to take was bread and water. For all other kinds of meat and drink he showed the greatest aversion. Even the smell of them was sufficient to make him shudder; and the least drop of wine, or tea, or coffee, occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. Among the few intelligible words, to most of which he appeared to attach no meaning whatever, that now and then escaped his lips, the one most frequently used was "Ross" (horse); from this circumstance the idea of bringing him a wooden toy-horse occurred to some of the police officials. At the sight of this plaything Kaspar, who hitherto had treated everything and every one with stolid indifference, suddenly roused up. He seated himself on the ground by the side of his toy, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes continually fixed on it, and finally endeavored to decorate it with all the various trifling presents which benevolent visitors from time to time had given him. For hours he would sit by the side of his horse playing with it, taking no notice of anything that was going on around him. Several toy-horses were now given to him, and for each of them he manifested the same affection he had shown for the first one he received. Even at meal-time he would not be separated from his favorites; and before eating his bread or drinking his water he tried hard to induce his horses to partake. His plan was to hold his bread to the mouth of each horse in turn, and after that to dip the mouth of each horse in the water. One of the horses happened to be made of plaster of Paris, and the constant wetting had the effect of softening the lips, and by degrees part of the mouth crumbled off. This circumstance caused Kaspar the most intense sorrow, nor would he be comforted until one of the officials had mended his toy for him.

In a very short time after his arrival at the prison Kaspar was no longer considered as an ordinary prisoner, but rather as a forsaken and neglected child, who needed only care and education to render him like other human beings. The governor of the prison admitted him to his family table, where, although he would not yet eat the same food as the others had, he still learned to sit properly, and in some measure to conform to the ordinary rules of decent society. Kaspar was pleased to have the governor's children as playmates, while they on their part were delighted at the idea of having a playfellow bigger than themselves, and yet with the gentleness and simplicity of a child.

About a fortnight after Kaspar's arrival in Nuremberg he was providentially favored with a visit from a certain Professor Daumer, an intelligent young scholar, who forthwith devoted himself to the peculiar and most interesting task of training the virgin mind of the unfortunate youth. The Burgomaster, Herr Binder, also took a very deep interest in Kaspar, and frequently had him brought to his house, where he was encouraged and assisted in his attempts to learn to converse, and where, by carefully avoiding all the puzzling restrictions of legal forms and questionings, the young man was by degrees, as he advanced in his knowledge of words, induced to try and recall some of the incidents in his early life. At the same time the police were still busy with their investigations; but the clew they had to work upon being so slight, they made but slow progress in unravelling the tangled thread of the mystery which surrounded this strange specimen of humanity.

Little by little, however, Kaspar's mind became enlightened, and as his power of expression and his vocabulary increased, he began putting together, bit by bit, as it were, those of the incidents of his past life which struck him most forcibly. The account he gave of himself was as follows: "He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he learned for the first time that besides himself and one man who had always had the care of him, there existed other men or other creatures. As long as he could recollect, he had lived in a hole (or small low room, which he sometimes calls a cage), where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only in a shirt and a pair of trousers. In his apartment he had never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by anything else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. Whenever he awoke from sleep he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste, and whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep. When he awoke he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his bread and water. In his room he had two wooden horses and some ribbons. With these he always amused himself as long as he was awake. How long he lived in this state he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. The man who acted as his keeper had, while he was in his little room, taught him to write, standing behind him during each lesson—in order that the face of the teacher might not be seen—and guiding his hand. In this manner he learned to write his name, and also some of the usual words and copies that are used in elementary instruction. After a time his keeper taught him to stand upright. The method employed for this purpose was very singular. The keeper caught him firmly round the breast from behind, placed his own feet behind his (Kaspar's) feet, and lifted them as in stepping forward. Finally the man appeared once again, placed his (Kaspar's) hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and carried him on his back out of the room. The journey must have lasted several days at least, for he remembered having eaten and slept several times. He never saw the face of his keeper even now, for as he either led or carried him along, the man directed him (Kaspar) to keep his face directed toward the ground. During this time the keeper attempted to teach him to walk, and also instructed him to say the same jargon he had used when he was first observed by the citizen of Nuremberg. Not long before he was discovered, the keeper put on him the clothes in which he was found. Then, suddenly thrusting the letter into his hands, the keeper vanished. After this the citizen found him almost immediately, and conducted him to the guard-room."

This account, given almost in Kaspar's own words, will go far toward explaining how it happened that the youth's mind was in such a dark state; but it helps very little to show who Kaspar Hauser really was, or whence he came, or in fact any real particulars of his actual history. That a great crime had been committed by some one was very evident. Many conjectures were hazarded, and it was only after very considerable and protracted search that it was possible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions. Link by link the chain of evidence—circumstantial only, it must be admitted—was put together; and finally it was on all sides generally admitted that Kaspar Hauser was the product of an illicit alliance. A priest, who was said to be his father, took charge of the child from the moment of his birth, and in time shut him up in some out-of-the-way subterranean vault in the convent where he resided. Here it was that Kaspar, totally secluded from all human observation and knowledge save that of the priest, passed seventeen long years; and here probably he would have remained, had not circumstances compelled the priest to leave the convent, when, having no other convenient place of concealment available, he released the poor fellow, and left him to his fate.

The incident mentioned by Kaspar in his account of himself relating to the bad taste in his water, which caused him to fall into a deep sleep, was explained a short time after he had given the narrative to his friends. It occurred to one of them that the priest might have mixed a drop or two of laudanum with the water, with the view of inducing a stupor while the boy's clothes were being changed. One day a small dose of laudanum was put in his glass of water without Kaspar's knowledge. On tasting the water, he recognized the flavor at once, and unhesitatingly affirmed that the glass contained some of the stuff he used to have given him during his imprisonment when a change of clothes became necessary. This circumstance clearly proved the truth of the conjecture.

The accounts that are recorded of the growth of Kaspar's mind are most interesting. Incidents that to an ordinary person would appear of no moment had a strange and inexplicable effect on him. For instance, as an experiment, he was brought into contact with a female somnambulist. Her presence affected him in the most extraordinary manner. He was seized with violent pain and sudden disgust. He describes the interview in his own words as follows: "As I came into the room, and the door of the diseased person was opened, I felt a sudden dragging on both sides of my breast, as if some one wished to pull me into the room. As I went in and proceeded toward the sick person, a very strong breath blew upon me, and when I had her at my back it blew upon me from behind, and the pulling I felt before in my breast I now felt in my shoulders. The sick person seated herself, and said that she was ill. I also said that I was unwell, and that I must sit down. Now a violent beating of my heart came on me, and there was a heat in all my body. This condition lasted until the next morning, then I had a headache again, and a twittering in all my limbs, still not so violent." The somnambulist, curiously enough, was affected almost in the same manner.

On another occasion a spider let itself down from the ceiling on Kaspar's head. Directly it touched him he felt a chill and an excessive degree of cold on his forehead, without knowing the cause. Suddenly putting up his hand to his face, he crushed the spider on his under lip. Hereupon he felt, for more than a quarter of an hour, a burning pain, which passed away with a tremor. When he retired to bed, the burning sensation returned. During the night the lip swelled, and there rose on it several small blisters, out of which there was a discharge of white matter in the morning. The chill occasioned by the spider was of long continuance.

But it was not only by the sight of and contact with living creatures that Kaspar was visibly affected, for we are told that one day he happened to see a particularly fine flower, and on his attempting to pluck it, the same feeling as that caused by the spider came upon him. On another occasion, after eating a ripe grape, he immediately became strangely affected, and was compelled to sleep off the effects of the, to him, potent juice.

Although for a long time Kaspar's body was considerably in advance of his mind, yet by degrees he began to overcome many of his peculiarities. Still he could never forget the hardships he had suffered, and the fact of his being inclined to brood over them tended to retard his mental progress.

About four years after his first appearance in Nuremberg, Kaspar was fortunate enough to come under the notice of Lord Stanhope. This noble-

man conceived the idea of adopting the strange youth, and having prevailed upon the inhabitants of Nuremberg—who looked upon Kaspar as their adopted son—to give him up, he placed him under a tutor at Anspach, previous to removing him to England. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December, 1833, Kaspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at mid-day, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post; he took Kaspar aside, and without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted, and after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has never been divulged.

THE ROYAL FERN.

A LEGEND has been handed down, from the time of the Danish invasions of Britain, explanatory of the generic name of *Osmunda*, an island, covered with large specimens of this fern, figuring prominently in the story. Osmund, the ferryman of Loch Tyne, had a beautiful child, who was the pride of his life and the joy of his heart. In those days, when the merciless Danes were making their terrible descents upon our coasts, slaughtering the peaceful inhabitants, and pillaging wherever they went, no man could say how long he would be free from molestation and outrage. But Osmund throughout the troublous times had lived peacefully with his wife and beautiful daughter. The peaceful calm of his life was, however, destined to be broken. One evening the ferryman was sitting with his wife and child on the margin of the lake, after his day's work. The setting sun was tinging with roseate glory the fleecy banks of cloud piled up against the horizon, silvering the surface of the rippling lake, and adding a richer hue to the golden locks of Osmund's darling child. Suddenly the sound of hurrying footsteps startled the quiet group. Men, women, and children came running from the neighboring village, and, breathlessly, as they passed, they told the ferryman that the terrible Danes were coming. Quick as thought Osmund sprang to his feet, seized his wife and child, and hurried them into his ferry-boat. Away he rowed with them—pulling for very life—in the direction of a small island in the loch, densely covered with the tall and stately fronds of the royal fern. He quickly hid his precious charges amongst the clustering fronds, and then rowed rapidly back to his ferry-place. He had rightly divined that the Danes needed his assistance, and would not hurt him. For many hours of the ensuing night he worked with might and main to carry the fierce invaders across the ferry. When they had all disappeared on the opposite bank, Osmund returned to his trembling wife and child, and brought them safely back to his cottage. In commemoration, it is said, of this event, the daughter of Osmund gave the great island fern her father's name. Those who care not to accept this fanciful origin of the name *Osmunda* will perhaps incline to the suggestion which has been made, that the generic name had been derived from an old Saxon word signifying strength, the specific name indicating its royal or stately habit of growth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN the midst of a severe and long-continued heated term the corps of forty inspectors appointed by the Board of Health to make a survey of tenement-houses in the city began their work. The district selected for the first inspection was east of Second Avenue, between Fourth and Fourteenth Streets and the East River. This ward is by no means the worst part of the city, but is densely populated, and contains dark, crowded, uncomfortable tenements, many of which on a hot day seem intolerable. Yet there are other localities and other dwellings in comparison with which these are comfortable. In this work of inspecting tenements, which is only just commenced, the examination of each inspector must be *personal*. He is required to note the number of each building; to ascertain when it was built; the name of owner and agent; the size; the number of floors, and how many families on each floor; all details about the lighting and ventilation, repairs, drainage, plumbing, general sanitary condition, and other matters of importance.

This investigation, carried on during the midsummer heats, will reveal many cases of squalor and distress, which may have seemed less dreadful at another season. But it is hoped it will be the basis of some substantial reforms in the construction of tenement-houses, and of radical improvement in their sanitary condition.

Charles Albert Fechter, the well-known actor, died on August 5, at Richland Centre, a village about three miles from Quakertown, Pennsylvania. He was born in London in 1824, and made his first appearance on the stage when about sixteen years old. He came to this country in 1870, and was very popular. For some months previous to his death he had been very much out of health, and his last years were passed under a cloud.

Yellow fever continues at Memphis, although the increase is gradual. Whatever fears may exist in regard to it, there is little probability that there will be such a terrible epidemic as last year.

Bedloe's Island is to be used by the government for the location of a General Hospital for the Marine Service. Surgeon-General Hamilton, and Dr. Ellinwood, the surgeon of the service at this port, recently visited the island to make the preliminary arrangements for its occupation. There are some unused buildings which can be easily made available for the accommodation of about a hundred patients, with but little expense, until permanent arrangements are completed. Bedloe's Island is said to be the healthiest military post in the vicinity of New York.

Tramps are reported to be in various towns along the Hudson, and it will be prudent to be protected against them. If they can get what they want without violence, of course they prefer the easiest way; but they generally intend to be supplied with comforts in some way.

How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So, recently published by Harper & Brothers, is not a profound treatise on gymnastics, but a plain, untechnical book, which makes the reader feel the necessity of taking better care of his body, and then points out some ways of so doing. About two-thirds of this little volume is occupied in directing attention to defects and deficiencies in the body which result mainly from not taking rational exercise, and in showing what has been accomplished by such exercise. In the remainder of the book a few plain and simple exercises are suggested and explained, designed either for a special part of the body or for the whole of it, and hints are given in connection which, with patience and perseverance, can not fail to be beneficial as well as pleasant to those who will thoroughly test them.

Don't hurry in August; work moderately; eat slowly; travel leisurely; walk quietly; refrain from getting angry—that will make you hotter than almost anything else; and, "in short," take life as easily as is consistent with duty.

Sea air is a more energetic tonic than mountain air, according to one learned doctor. If the constitution can bear it, one profits by it; but weaker organizations may find the mountains more suitable. A careful physician should wisely guide invalids under his charge in the choice of summer resorts.

The best remedy for mosquito bites is to kill the mosquitoes—then, after a while, the bites will come to an end. If you can not do that, a wash of fifteen drops of carbolic acid in half a pint of water will relieve the smart resulting from bites.

During the week ending August 2 the medical corps appointed by the Board of Health visited 4733 houses, which were occupied by 27,740 families.

There is every promise of a large crop of peaches. Already there is an abundance of this fruit in the market, although the quality will be much better later in the season. It will be useless to ask exorbitant prices this year, for the market will be overfull in any event.

Between six and seven years ago the missionaries of the American Board began their work in Kobe, Japan, there being only one native present at the first religious meeting. Recently they have opened a new station in Okayama, a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, about a hundred miles from Kobe. Seventy-five natives attended the first public meeting, among them several officials. Private meetings had been held in Okayama for several months.

Bulgaria has received from Russia the present of a little navy, for use on the Danube.

The new Episcopal Cathedral in Edinburgh has already cost $800,000. Except the towers, it will be ready for use by the close of the present year. This cathedral is regarded as the most important specimen of Gothic architecture attempted in Scotland since the Reformation. Its length is 278 feet, and its breadth 98 feet 6 inches. These measurements are considerably less than those of St. Patrick's Cathedral in this city. When the central towers of the Edinburgh Cathedral are completed, they will be 300 feet high, and will be conspicuous objects from all parts of the city, as the site chosen for the cathedral is not only picturesque but commanding.

Several persons were arrested by the New York police a short time ago who were concerned in extensive counterfeiting operations on the notes of the Brazilian Empire. The work was finished. The genuine notes were closely imitated; and one of the counterfeiters was about packing his trunk with rolls of bills preparatory to sailing for Rio Janeiro, when his movements were interrupted and his plans changed by the arresting officers.

Busselton, a little sea-port town about 150 miles south of Fremantle, on the western coast of Australia, has been visited by the famous sea-serpent. *Nature* gives a detailed and very interesting account of its appearance, contained in a letter written by the resident clergyman of Busselton, the Rev. H. W. Brown, and addressed to the Colonial Surgeon of Fremantle. Mr. Brown, as well as other persons, had a full view of the sea-serpent more than once, and estimated his length to be about sixty feet. So many accounts of the existence of these monsters are on record that "naturalists are now prepared to admit," says *Nature*, "that several distinct kinds of oceanic monsters probably exist."

After Cleopatra's Needle had been placed in position in London, the Metropolitan Board of Works began to consider how they could best preserve a relic which had caused so much trouble to float to its destination. It was finally resolved to have the monolith cleaned and covered with a solution prepared by one Henry Browning. This has been done, to the satisfaction of all interested. The granite has come out fresh as if just chiselled from the rock, retaining the original color, disclosing the veins, and showing the original polished portions. Moreover, the "intaglios," or the hieroglyphic engravings, have come out clearly, and are easily distinguished from the injuries the stone has received. It is believed the solution will have the effect of thoroughly preserving the Needle for ages to come.

The London *Times* contains a somewhat lengthy communication from the Dean of Westminster in regard to the proposed monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. He readily gave his consent to the erection of such a monument in the Royal Chapel, where it was proposed to place it, for various reasons. He says he considered the tragic associations connected with the death of the Prince "such as to give him a claim to be ranked among those princes to whom Westminster Abbey has at various times given shelter or admitted memorials under its roof." The dean also says, "The Abbey knows no difference of politics, either foreign or domestic. It is, as Lord Macaulay has well described it, 'the great temple of silence and of reconciliation.' It seemed that another example of this cherished characteristic of our great national mausoleum, another link in the invisible chain of hospitality and charity which stretches across the widest gulf of race and party and creed, would be added if over against the memorial of the Bourbon prince of the house of Orleans were erected a memorial of the chief of the rival dynasty, who, like him, had been received on our shores, and died surrounded by more than like respect." Another special point of interest in the Abbey is the fact that the tombs of princes are not merely the monuments of the members of royal families, but they are landmarks of English and European history.

TREATMENT OF THE DROWNED.

MANY lives are lost during the bathing season through ignorance of the proper method of treating persons who are taken from the water in a state of insensibility. By following the plain and practical directions given below (reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* of August 21, 1875), which have the approval of the highest medical authority, persons apparently dead from drowning may be restored to life.

RULE I.—Expose the patient upon the nearest dry spot to a free current of air, rip the clothing away from the waist, and give a stinging slap upon the pit of the stomach. If this fails to arouse the patient, proceed to force and drain away the water which has entered the chest and stomach, according to Rule II. (Fig. 1).

FIG. 1.

RULE II. (*Fig.* 1).—Turn the patient upon his face (1), the pit of the stomach being raised upon a folded garment above the level of the mouth (2). For a second or two make steady pressure upon the back of the stomach and chest (3), and repeat it once or twice until fluid ceases to flow from the mouth.

RULE III. (*Fig.* 2).—Quickly turn the patient upon his back, with the bundle of clothing beneath it, so as to raise the lower part of the breast-bone higher than the rest of the body (1). Kneel beside or astride the patient, and so place your hands upon either side of the pit of the stomach, upon the front part of the lower ribs, that the fingers will fall naturally into the spaces between them (2), pointing toward the ground. Now, grasping the waist, and using your knees as a pivot, throw your whole weight forward, pressing upward, as if to force the contents of the chest and stomach out of the mouth. This bends the yielding ribs together, lessens the cavity of the chest, and foul air is forced out, or *ex*pired. Steadily increase the pressure while you count one, two, three, then *suddenly let go*, with a final push, which springs you back to an erect kneeling position. The elastic ribs instantly spring back to their natural position, the cavity of the chest is enlarged, and to prevent a vacuum fresh air is drawn in, or *in*spired. Thus is produced *breathing*, or *re*spiration. Remain erect upon your knees while you count one, two, then throw your weight forward, and proceed again as before. Repeat these bellows-like movements at first about five times a minute, gradually increase them to about fifteen times a minute, and continue with the regularity and rhythm of the natural breathing which you are imitating. If another person be present, let him with the left hand hold the tip of the tongue out of the left side of the patient's mouth with the thumb and finger covered with a handkerchief (4), while with the right hand he grasps both wrists and pins them to the ground above the patient's head (5).

AFTER-TREATMENT.

When breathing first returns, dash violently a little cold water occasionally in the face. As soon as the breathing has become natural, strip and dry the patient rapidly and completely, and wrap him in blankets only. Give hot brandy and water, a tea-spoonful every five minutes the first half hour, and a table-spoonful every fifteen minutes for an hour after that. If the limbs are cold, apply friction. Allow abundance of fresh air, and let the patient have perfect *rest*.

In suffocation from coal gas, fire-damp, smoke, or from hanging, use Rules I. and III. only, with the after-treatment.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Avoid delay.—Promptness is of the first importance. A *moment* lost may be a *life* lost. Waste no time in gaining shelter; when gained, it oftener harms than helps the patient.

Prevent crowding around the patient.—However difficult to accomplish, this is imperative. The circulation of the air must not be obstructed, nor may the patient, when rallying, be urged into conversation.

Avoid attempts to give stimulants before the patient is well able to swallow.—It obstructs respiration, and may choke the patient.

Avoid hurried, irregular motions.—In the excitement of the moment this is almost inevitable. Just as a flickering candle moved carelessly goes out, so the heart, when beating imperceptibly, requires but little cross motion or interruption to cause it to stop. The movements of Rule III. should, therefore, be performed with deliberation and rhythm.

Avoid an overheated room.—The animal heat which is required can not be supplied from without; it must be generated within the system. This is best promoted by a free supply of cool air and the use of internal stimulants. The vital heat resulting is best retained by blankets alone to the surface.

Avoid giving up the patient too soon to death.—Any time from a minute to an hour or two you may be on the very threshold of success, though no sign of it be visible. Success is rarely achieved in less than twenty minutes. The patient should avoid exposure for a few days after recovery, or chest troubles may ensue.

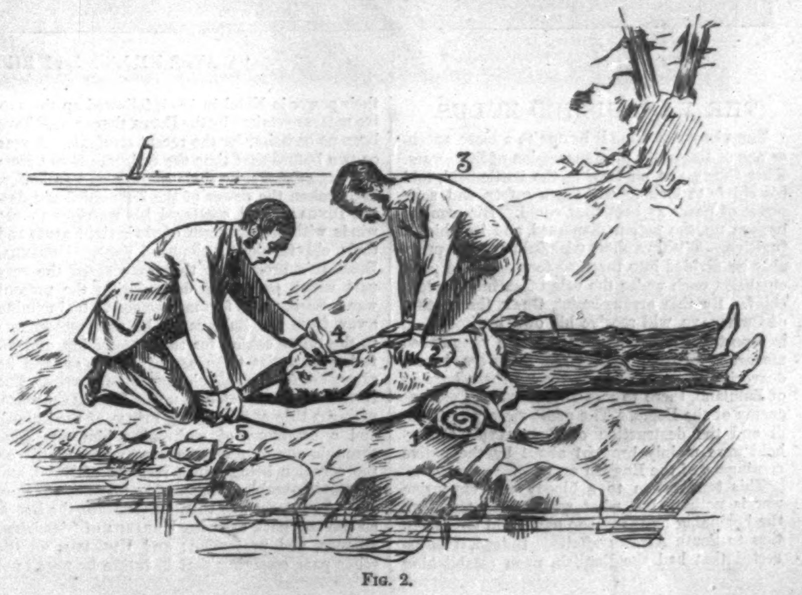


FIG. 2.

"WATER-MILLIONS IS RIPE."—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

THE VANQUISHED ZULUS.

THE victory at Ulundi brings to a close another one of England's long succession of little wars. King CETYWAYO, on leaving the battle-field, told his chiefs to look to their own safety, and seek terms of peace as best they could. His army is broken up, the nation dispersed, and its chief a fugitive. Within a short time Zululand will probably be divided into three or four separate principalities, each under the rule of an independent chief. By this arrangement, OHAM, the brother of CETYWAYO, will receive his own territory. It is reported from Luneburg that the vanquished monarch, together with 7000 followers, is endeavoring to escape across the northern borders of Zululand, there to join SECOCOENI, the ancient enemy of the Boers. The great victory at Ulundi and the destruction of CETYWAYO's stronghold were mainly brought about by the native contingent of the English army.

This termination to a bloody and expensive war is nothing but what was anticipated from the beginning by those who have paid any attention to South African affairs. Indeed, it is asserted that had the English, upon establishing their power in Natal in 1843, followed up the active measures taken by the Boers, there would have been no occasion for the recent struggle. A year or two before that time the emigrant Boers from the Cape Colony, by their courage and gallantry, had broken the power of the Zulu chief and despot DINGAAN, and scattered his warriors to the winds with the strength of their right arms and their old-fashioned elephant guns. UMPANDA, DINGAAN's brother, at that time acted the very part which OHAM has done during the present war. Seeing that fortune seemed to be inclining away from the Zulu cause, he sent messengers to the Boers asking for their protection, and offering to assist them against DINGAAN, and he afterward fulfilled his pledges satisfactorily. The Boers, in return, set him up in DINGAAN's place, with the title of "Reigning Prince of the Zulus," and a ceremony of enthroning him was gone through, one of the gentlemen who assisted on the occasion being still a resident of Natal, and now an honorable member of its Legislative Council. A contract was then entered into, the Boers, on the one part, assuring UMPANDA of friendship, alliance, and protection; and UMPANDA, on the other part, engaging that in future he would not allow woman, child, or defenseless aged person to be murdered, nor any one to be put to death for witchcraft or other ridiculous superstition; likewise that he would not permit any war or hostility of his people with any neighboring chief without the consent of the Boers; and that at his death his successor should be chosen by his people, but subject to the approval of the Boers, or Assembly of the Emigrants.

In 1856 the English began to discover the real character of the immense "celibate man-slaying machine," as Sir BARTLE FRERE termed the Zulu army. The danger to be apprehended from it became apparent when, during UMPANDA's lifetime, CETYWAYO led half the young bloods of the nation against his rival brother, and after defeating him, in the course of one afternoon butchered no fewer than 3000 of his adherents. Again in 1861 its formidable danger was felt when an immense hunting party approached the Natal border, shouting to their Zulu fellows that "they were going to fight the English," and crowds of affrighted refugees fled into the towns to get the protection of the Natal government. The dread of invasion was felt all over the country. Every available soldier was hurried up by the High Commissioner, Sir GEORGE GREY, from the Cape Colony to Natal, and the duties of the garrison at the former place were performed for a considerable time by volunteers. The threatened danger passed away, but the fact of a savage chief like CETYWAYO being at the head of an army which absorbed all the youth and manhood of the people, and at any time could be used for offensive purposes, was not forgotten by those who looked forward to scan the future of South Africa.

On the death of UMPANDA, in 1872, however, CETYWAYO showed considerable eagerness to establish friendly relations with the English. Messengers came to the Natal government formally reporting the occurrence, and stating that the nation had suddenly found itself wandering it knew not whither, because its guide was no more; and they prayed that SOMTSEN (SHEPSTONE) might be sent to nominate and install CETYWAYO as king. After due consideration the Natal government acceded to this request, their reason for doing so being that it was desirable to establish an *entente cordiale* with the Zulus, especially as the nation by their request had recognized the suzerainty of the British crown, and that the opportunity might be a favorable one for requiring

A ZULU SCOUT.

from Cetywayo a promise of some reform in the internal administration of the country, such as the abolition of the indiscriminate shedding of blood, a moderately fair administration of justice, and other innovations which might act advantageously upon the future of Zululand. In August, 1873, Sir Theophilus Shepstone crossed the Natal frontier, and performed the ceremony of enthroning the king in presence of 10,000 of his warriors and the assembled people. Proclamation was then made of the new laws which Cetywayo had solemnly promised to carry out; and for some time afterward he seems to have acted as if he honestly regarded the engagements he had entered into as of binding effect.

It was not until 1876 that any decided change in Cetywayo's friendly relations with his white neighbors took place; but early in that year the burghers of the Transvaal Republic met with a decided repulse from the minor Bapede chief Secocoeni. "We have all been hitherto in the dark," said Cetywayo to his Zulu Indunas. "We thought the Boers were brave, but veritably the white men are beaten by our dogs, the miserable Bapede." "Ah, but what of the great English people?" said one of his ministers. "The English—yes, it is true they have beaten the Boers; but what of that? If our dogs can beat the Boers, the Amazula and their friends may drive back the English." It was shortly after this that, in flagrant contravention of his coronation promise, the king ordered the slaughter of the girls who would not marry into the regiments selected by him; and when Sir Henry Bulwer, as Governor of Natal, sent a remonstrance to him, he made the savage reply that "he would kill; Bulwer might be Governor in Natal, but he was ruler of Zululand." At the same time he gave orders for the construction of a new military kraal, or fortified place, in the thorn-bush country east of the Umvelosi, which he named "Maizekanye," or "Let the enemy come if they dare."

It was such threatening conduct as this on the part of Cetywayo, rather than any open offense, which led to the recent war and the annexation of the Transvaal, which so shortly preceded it. The English authorities apprehended so much from the attitude and power of the blood-thirsty monarch they had assisted to enthrone, that an exceedingly slight occasion was sought for sending an army into his dominions. Even now that the war has been brought to a successful termination, Cetywayo's capture is regarded as all-important, because so long as he is free, he will remain the centre of conspiracy and mischief. General Wolseley, however, has no intention of pursuing him with British troops, as the nature of the country renders such a course impracticable. His policy rather is to stir up the neighboring tribes against the king. Agents have been sent to the Swazies and Amatongas with this object in view, and 5000 cattle have been offered to Oham if he will capture his brother. One telegram even says that a price has been set upon Cetywayo's head, but this seems an exaggeration. General Wolseley, in an address to a number of chiefs on July 12, informed them he had no desire to take any of their territory, but that Cetywayo was a fugitive, and could never more be king. General Wolseley had summoned all the native chiefs to meet him at Emangwene, about nine miles north of the Umlatoosi River, on July 19, to hear his final words of settlement. The chiefs who were present at the meeting of July 12 declared that the Zulu nation had now no head. They wished to have no more black kings, and said they would prefer John Dunn for king. What kind of a head the English trader would make for the Zulu nation there can be no means of knowing, but that the main object of the war has been accomplished in getting rid of Cetywayo there can be no doubt.

A BASQUE VILLAGE.

Not far from Bermeo there is a little place which has the importance of a holy city in the eyes of the Basques. This is Guernica, which contains the palace of the Juntos; the archives of the country—the palladium of their liberties; and the oak under which from time immemorial the Señor of Vizcaya swears to maintain the laws. A son of the country has written a patriotic hymn upon it, which touches every heart, like "Auld Lang Syne," or the "Marseillaise." He was a poor shepherd, but full of courage, who

joined the ranks of Don Carlos V. at sixteen, and being terribly wounded, he withdrew into exile, and remained twenty years in France. He had a fine voice, long curls, and loved peril and excitement. Returning to his native land, he became a wandering poet, and sang his own compositions to the crowds who flocked to the mountains from every farm and village. None was so great a favorite as "The Tree of Guernica," that holy symbol of their liberties; and so great was the enthusiasm created when he sang it that the men fell on their knees and swore to die for their laws. The authorities were alarmed, and for fear of trouble ordered the poor troubadour to leave the country and remain in exile for life.

As soon as a traveller enters Guernica he is at once conducted to this tree. The present one is about a century old, and is a direct descendant of the first. Two or three young scions are always growing beside the more ancient one. The last, which fell from age in 1811, existed, according to tradition, from the middle of the fourteenth century. Under its shadow Ferdinand and Isabella, seated on the bench which surrounded the trunk, took the oath to respect the *fueros*. The deliberations of the congress always took place in the open air, until the number of delegates so much increased that the plan was abandoned, and the ancient church of Santa Maria was adopted as the meeting-place.

Amidst the greatest loveliness all around, there rises the battlemented donjon of Arteaga, situated in a grand demesne. It belongs to the ex-Empress of the French, one of the Montijos. In the year 1856 the Assembly declared the late Prince Imperial a Viscayan, and sent deputies to the court with the decree. Napoleon III. received them with much kindness, and the Empress decided to restore the castle. The primitive structure has been retained as much as possible, but accommodated to the requirements of modern comfort. Red jasper surrounds the arched windows, and contrasts well with the gray marble of the edifice. In the interior a splendid staircase, floors of marquetry, and sculptured ceilings correspond with the exterior magnificence. Unfortunately it has never been furnished, but waits the promised visit of the Empress, whilst a French lady who lives in a pavilion near has the charge of it. But though absent, the generous hand of the owner is felt everywhere; there is no better kept village than Arteaga, and the houses have an air of the greatest comfort.

UNITING THE OCEANS.

The revival of the project of constructing a ship-canal across some part of the narrow strip of land which unites the northern and southern continents of America has renewed popular interest in the aspects and character of that part of the world. On page 664 our readers will find a series of sketches of various points on Lake Nicaragua and the coast, interesting not only on account of the great enterprise about to be undertaken, but from historical associations. Whatever route may be eventually selected for the canal, the success of the undertaking will undoubtedly have a great effect on the fortunes of the whole region.

It is interesting to learn that while M. De Lesseps is endeavoring to obtain the means to prosecute his projected work on the isthmus of Darien, the Nicaraguan government has begun the work of improving the river approach to Lake Nicaragua, so as to bring that body of water accessible to vessels of small draught from the Gulf of Mexico. This work will be under the direction of Chief-Engineer A. G. Menocal, of the United States navy, who, at the request of Nicaragua, has been granted five months' leave of absence for that purpose. The completion of this undertaking, besides greatly facilitating the project of an interoceanic canal *viâ* Nicaragua, will rapidly extend and enlarge an already increasing commerce between that country and New York, and open up a rich undeveloped region of country that promises a greater yield of products and wealth than is claimed from the Florida ship-canal route.

At a recent interview with a reporter of the New York *Herald*, Mr. Cotheal, consul-general of Nicaragua, said of these improvements: "For several years past the government of Nicaragua has been turning its attention to the policy of internal improvements. They have had a long time of peace now, and they want to take advantage of it. These improvements were commenced in the river San Juan and the harbor of San Juan Del Norte (great arm), where the work of dredging and blasting rock has been carried on for several years, together with blasting the rocks in the Machuca, or lower rapids in the same river. This work of blasting and dredging progresses slowly, as it can only be carried on during a portion of the year, when the water is low. It is the intention to make a channel of six feet at low water all the way up to the great lake of Nicaragua, for the benefit of the steamers and other craft plying on the San Juan. The Castillo Rapids, on that river, is a thriving settlement; but at present it can only be reached by small boats, except during the rainy season, when the river is unduly swollen. Mr. Menocal is now about being sent there by the Nicaraguan government to commence preparations for the construction of locks, by means of which the river boats may be passed around the rapids, from the lower to the higher water, instead of discharging their cargoes below, and having the goods carried around the rapids by land, as at present. The Nicaraguan government has great confidence in Mr. Menocal, and will, I believe, carry out any suggestions he may make. He has been down there before several times surveying for the United States government, and also for the Nicaraguan government, so that he is well known to the latter. It was he who planned the improvement of the whole river San Juan so as to make it navigable for the steamers."

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand consists of three islands, known as North Island, Middle Island, and Stewart Island, which latter is a small island lying to the south of the Middle Island, and containing only 760 square miles. The North Island contains about 44,000 square miles, having a rather smaller area than England. The Middle Island contains about 55,000 square miles, having an area about equal to that of England and Wales combined.

In 1870 the population of New Zealand was 248,000. A census was taken again in March, 1878, by which the population was ascertained to be nearly 415,000, besides 45,000 Maoris, or natives, giving an increase in the white population of sixty-seven per cent. in eight years. The greater number of the Maoris live in the North Island, there being upward of 40,000 of them there. They are scattered over an area of 28,890,000 acres, giving less than one native to the square mile. The greater number of them are Christians, and they have many churches and schools, and are daily more and more conforming to European habits in their dress, manners, and houses. Some of the Maoris are very wealthy, deriving a large income from the leases of their lands. Lands belonging to the natives are not now allowed to be bought by speculators to be resold at a high profit. The government reserves to itself the right of purchasing land from the chiefs, who are thereby protected from imposition; and the settler has the advantage of purchasing land from government on very easy terms. The chiefs are allowed to lease their lands, but under government supervision.

The climate of New Zealand is equable, the variations of temperature being comparatively slight. It must be remembered that, as New Zealand is in the southern hemisphere, all the meteorological conditions are the reverse of those in countries in the northern hemisphere, excepting the east and west winds, which are the same there as here. Thus in the southern hemisphere the north wind is warm and damp, while the south wind is cold and dry. The sun is seen to the north at noon instead of to the south, and the moon also; while constellations which, like the Great Bear, are seen by us in the northern sky, are not visible at all in New Zealand. But the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere see many constellations in the southern skies which are never seen by us in the north.

The country is somewhat mountainous, the chain of hills running from north to south throughout the islands. These are not generally too high for pasturage, but some few peaks in the Middle Island rise to from 10,000 to 14,000 feet in height, and their tops are covered with perpetual snow. This, in melting, gives rise to mountain streams, which feed the rivers, and fertilize the extensive plains below. The rivers of New Zealand are both numerous and large for the size of the country.

Gold is found in considerable quantities in New Zealand, both as alluvial gold, which is obtained by washing the deposits of "dirt," with which the gold is mixed, and also in veins in the quartz rock. The quantity of gold exported from the islands between April 1, 1857, and June 30, 1878, was 8,826,795 ounces, the value of which is set down at £64,476,495 sterling. Of this, £711,301 sterling were exported in the half year ending June 30, 1878.

Other valuable metals, such as silver, mercury, copper, lead, chromium, manganese, and—last, but most important—iron, have been discovered in the colony, and will be worked to advantage. Large deposits of iron in the form of sand have been recently discovered, and steps are being taken to establish smelting-works for the purpose of working this most valuable mineral. Deposits of iron ore are comparatively valueless in the absence of coal; but coal is found abundantly in many parts of the colony. The coal-fields are subdivided and let by government on terms very favorable to the lessees.

There are in the islands between 160,000,000 and 170,000,000 acres suitable for farming purposes, of which about 50,000,000 are better adapted for pasturage, the remainder being better for agricultural uses. Almost every known variety of soil is found in New Zealand, and by a proper selection of soil and system of agriculture every variety of cereal and root crop may be raised in one or other part of the islands. There are large areas where the soil is composed of the débris from volcanic rocks, and this is well known to be the favorite pabulum of the finest kinds of grape-vines. New Zealand will probably in time be a large wine-producing country.

There are no large quadrupeds indigenous to New Zealand, a small kind of rat being apparently the only one; but all kinds of domestic cattle have been introduced, and thrive abundantly. The rabbit has increased to such an extent as to be, in some places, a nuisance. Hares, pheasants, partridges, and other kinds of game, together with many varieties of small birds, have been introduced, and are now spread over the country.

The rivers, which contained quantities of native eels and some few other fish, are being stocked with trout, which do well, and multiply fast in their new home; the perch has also been successfully acclimatized. The sea produces large quantities of useful and delicious fish, as well as oysters, mussels, and other shell-fish. The shores are visited at certain seasons by shoals of pilchards and mackerel.

The indigenous forest of New Zealand is ever green, and contains some very valuable kinds of timber. Many of the more valuable trees of Europe and America have been introduced, and flourish with a vigor rarely seen in their original homes. Fruit is abundant all over the colony, among the best of which are oranges, lemons, citrons, loquato, peaches, apples, pears, grapes, melons, figs, apricots, plums, and many others.

GOSSIP

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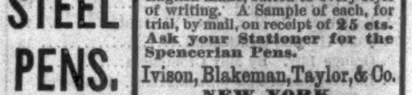

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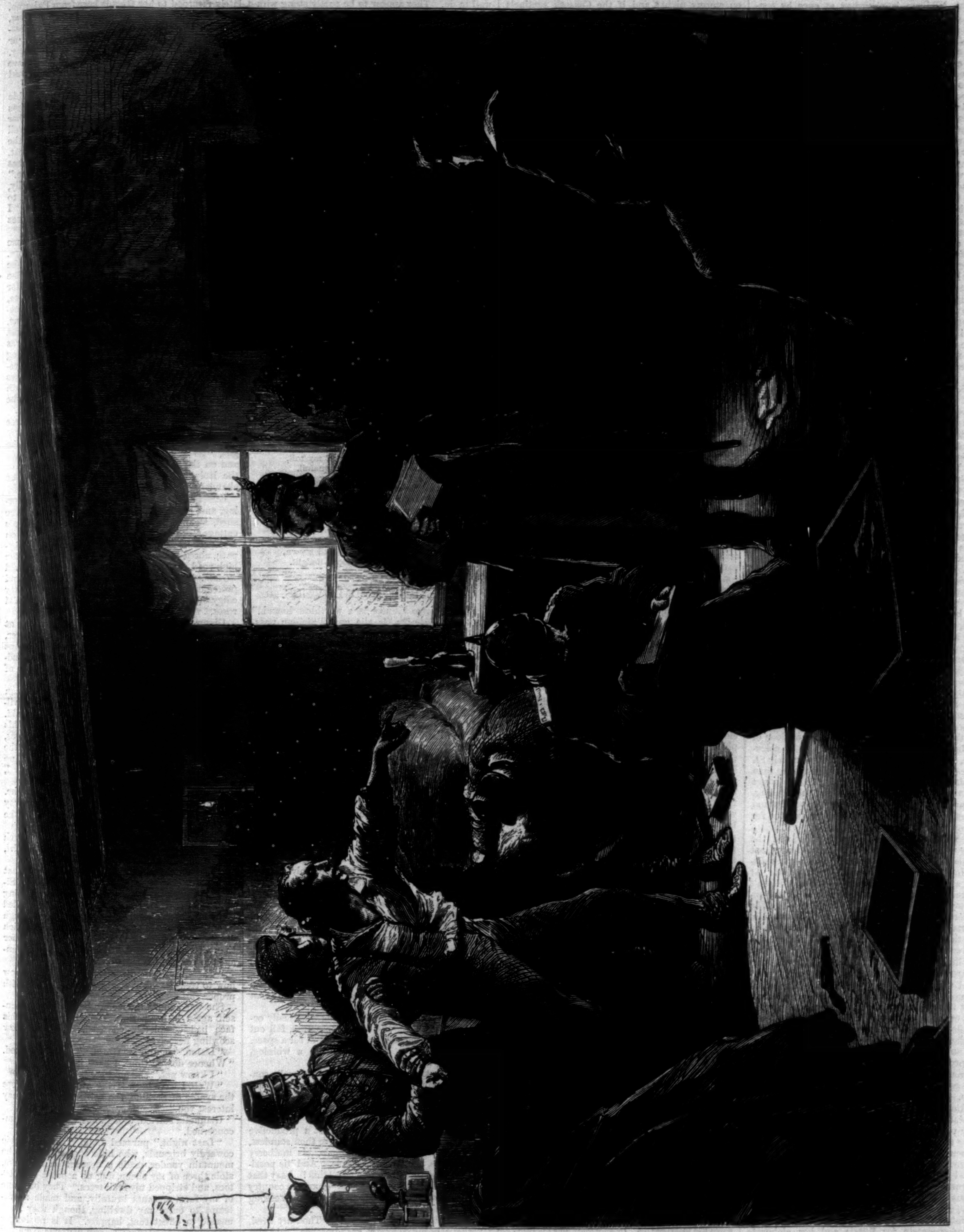

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It is not, of course, easy to arrive at any great amount of accurate knowledge in regard to the "revolutionary associations of Russia," as the Nihilist organizations are called when respectfully spoken of by their adherents. It is probable, or indeed certain, that five-sixths of all that is circulated about them, and especially the stories which attribute to them ROMANOFF adherents, are either baseless rumors or fictions set afloat with an intelligible purpose, namely, to overawe the authorities. At the same time there are a few facts connected with these remarkable forces which work so secretly that seem to be proven beyond all question. The Russian government, though still receiving devoted support from the masses of the people, and especially from the whole body of the peasantry, has aroused, mainly by its evil habit of trusting despotic power to certain subordinates, the deadly hostility of a considerable section of the better-educated classes of society, which feels itself at once crushed and humiliated by the iron rule of the court and of its principal agents of government, the secret police. This hostility, clearly perceptible throughout the whole country for the past seventy years, has of late become so bitter, probably from comparison with the situation of the better classes in other lands, that it has found expression in a secret Revolutionary Tribunal—a committee which professes to try and sentence the higher officials for acts of cruelty or oppression. This committee, which may be directed in the last resort by an individual, evidently commands the adhesion of many persons in all classes—the highest aristocracy included—establishes and conceals secret presses, apparently by the aid of women so highly placed that they are not suspected, and commands agents who will risk death and commit assassinations when they are ordered. So far as can be ascertained, the Revolutionary Committee has no programme of any kind. It does not ask for a new Constitution, or that the Emperor should always act according to law, or that a Parliament should be called, or that any great social change should be effected. The ordinary Nihilists offer the land to the peasantry, and as a body plead for an ultra democracy, which would, in practice, create in Russia a régime of allied communes—the dream, it is said, of the remarkable Russian Red, BENNI, who died at Mentana; but this committee, which it is believed represents the most intelligent of the Nihilist fraternity, puts forth no scheme of any kind. It either is or affects to be a tribunal like the Vehmgericht, intent not on altering anything, but on seeing that powerful persons shall do justice and love mercy, under penalty of death.

So completely have the police failed to cope with Nihilist organizations, that the public begins to believe that it does not wish to succeed, and to say that its members are in the conspiracy. It is much more probable, however, that they are terrorized, or perhaps utterly stupefied, by a duty for which they are to a great extent disqualified by their chronic quarrel with society. The committee goes on with its work, sending its deadly menaces and issuing its haughty proclamations, as if it were conscious of some secret power to keep itself invisible. The Emperor himself, often threatened, even attacked, and always in

more or less danger from conspiracies unconnected with Nihilism, is disturbed at once by constant apprehension and by a feeling of baffled rage. Great officials, even ministers, resign in alarm, and as usual under a reign of terror the great men of the court begin to suspect and distrust each other. Any Liberal may be a Nihilist, and suspicion spares no one, not even the heir to the throne, whose interest is, of course, in the security of the executive which he must one day direct. It is probable, too, that the agitation is greatly increased by the readiness of parties, as parties exist in Russia, not, indeed, to join or approve the Nihilists, but to use the terror they create as the means of enforcing their own policy.

That the government of Russia is unable to cope with the growth and progress of Nihilism seems pretty well proven, yet efforts have been made that have nearly had the effect of placing the whole country in a state of siege. Since the attack upon the life of the Czar it has been mapped out into eleven military districts, and the most eminent generals, including GOURKHO and TODLEBEN, have been placed in command of the districts. The life, the liberty, the property of every Russian are at the mercy of the general commanding. He may order any one to be arrested; he may bring any one before a military tribunal; he may apply martial law as he may think fit. He may suppress any newspaper permanently or temporarily as he pleases. The whole of Russia is in the state in which Paris was immediately after the suppression of the Commune. The government is, so to speak, at war with the nation. After so sweeping an institution of general repression, it might seem as if special decrees would be of insignificant interest. But General GOURKHO began his military reign at St. Petersburg by an order which is unexampled in its way. He has decreed that at the door of every house in St. Petersburg a porter is to be stationed night and day, whose duty it shall be to watch that no unauthorized placards are posted up, and that no objects of a dangerous kind are scattered in the streets.

These house porters, or *dvorniks*, as they are called, seem to be the agency upon which the government mainly relies. They are the men who seem to be expected to trace out the hiding-places of the Nihilists, and discover proceedings that shall justify the authorities in making arrests. The *dvorniks* are not, however, a new institution, nor are the duties so rigorously enforced upon them altogether fresh ones. They have always been a kind of house police, but have hitherto been permitted to sleep at or leave their posts, and generally to take things easy. Now they are obliged to keep at their posts wide-awake, to meet the eye of the passing policeman day and night. One order is that some of these men having been found delegating their duties to their wives at odd times, this is henceforth strictly forbidden. Another is that some having been seen with *boutkas*, or small watch boxes, like soldiers' guard boxes, these luxuries are proscribed, and no *dvornik* may sit on anything else but the regulation stool at the gate or door of the house. There were originally, it is calculated, about fourteen thousand of these men in St. Petersburg, and this number has been more than doubled. They are all ticketed with the street and number of the house to which they belong, and are being still further brought into order and efficiency by a special commission appointed for the purpose.

The multiplication of the *dvorniks*, and the general state of terrorism existing throughout Russia, have in many instances had a most disturbing effect upon trade and agriculture. At the capital and in all the large cities it is difficult to procure laborers in consequence of all the unemployed hands having turned door-keepers. The numerous dealers in fire-arms and ammunition, agents for new systems and patents in rifles and all other engines of destruction, of whom there is always a very large number negotiating with a military government like that of Russia, have necessarily found themselves considerably interfered with. To send or receive a telegram, for example, about gunpowder or fire-arms, would most likely cause the receiver or sender a great deal of inconvenience. Within a short time very detailed and stringent rules have been drawn up for the private gunpowder factories of the empire. The strict enforcement of the passport system in the provinces has perhaps been more productive of trouble than anything else, and in many instances, among the poorer classes, of positive distress. Some factories are deprived of half their workmen, and these workmen of the means of subsistence, by being obliged to travel fifty or sixty versts to the chief town of their district in order to take out the necessary passport. Even women and children, who formerly were not obliged to have special passes, are now compelled to submit to one and the same rule with the men. Besides this, we hear of a nocturnal census of the populations of Perm, Kharkov, and Kiev, causing, probably, unlimited annoyance to the inhabitants.

Unfortunately for Russia and her elaborate system of espionage, much of the work necessary for the propagation of Nihilism is done outside of her own borders. In the latter part of April, when the agitation was at its height, the capital of Germany, as if it had not enough to do with its own Socialists, witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of the trial of three Russian Nihilists. Three Russian students of medicine had taken up their abode at Berlin to promote the objects of their political friends at home by such co-operation as could be rendered from abroad. Their chief vocation, it appears, was to smuggle bales of Russian revolutionary literature, produced at Geneva, Paris, and London, across the Russian frontier. In addition to this, the primary task intrusted to them, they printed proclamations to the Russo-Polish Jews in the Hebrew tongue, which is tolerably familiar to their orthodox brethren, and took them across the border ditch on stormy nights, and, if the Cossack sentinels were amenable to reason and bribe, in fair weather too. However objectionable from the Russian government point of view, these proceedings would not have brought them under the cognizance of the German judicature; but as they were imprudent enough to found a secret society, hold clandestine meetings (without ladies), and indulge in a good deal of mysterious correspondence, they one morning found themselves arraigned for belonging to a society unknown and unannounced to the authorities. At the trial the charge was fully substantiated. The secret society clause was no doubt applicable to the prisoners; they belonged to a section of some International Revolutionary Society. They were in regular intercourse, oral and written, with German, English, and French Socialists. In the execution of their task they had been travelling to and fro between Vienna, London, Paris, New York, and Berlin. Last, not least (though this did not concern the German law), the books and pamphlets found in their possession proved the revolutionary nature of their agitation. These also possessed the novel feature that several of them were in the language of the New Testament, and addressed to those most commercial, money-making, and antisocialistic of all classes—the Polish Jews. In no way could the infecting power of Russian revolutionary contagion have been more effectually demonstrated than by its extension to the Jews. A class more oppressed, more timid, and more destitute of any hope of liberty did not until lately exist in the dominions of the Czar.

The presence of Russian Nihilists on our own American soil serves to show the ramifications of the organization. How they propose to further their cause here is a mystery, but that there are numbers of them in New York city is a well-known fact. On one occasion a reporter of the New York *Herald* succeeded in obtaining an interview with a prominent Nihilist, and was gratified by a fuller statement regarding their history and organizations than can usually be obtained from them. It is no easy task, even for those who have had varied and familiar intercourse with prominent Nihilists, to obtain a true statement of their political dogmas or their plan of action. Even when assured of the friendly sympathy of the inquirer, they object to auricular confession; and like their mortal enemies, the Czar's officials, they are adepts at mystifying friends and foes. Their whole success has been due to the absolute secrecy they have maintained as to their intentions. When questioned as to the tenets of their political faith, they cover their destructive theories with a story of the wrongs inflicted on them by the Russian government, and when pressed in argument, they retire behind a mask of reticence and will say nothing further. The presence of the Nihilist gentleman in question was known only to a few leading spirits, and it was with extreme reluctance that he granted the interview, coupling with the permission a thousand and one conditions as to the place and time of meeting, and the manner of the reporter's coming and going, by which his identity would be absolutely concealed. Assured at last on all points, he agreed to meet the representative of the press, who was "passed along from hand to hand," and introduced to the Sclavonic agitator. The interview was written out in his presence, read to him by his own interpreter, and a promise exacted by him that, if published, no word should be altered. Once assured of this, he immediately gave a full and free statement of his views on Nihilism. The record of the whole interview is exceedingly interesting, but no part of it is more remarkable than the following statement connecting the outcropping of Nihilism with our late war:

"NIHILIST. I shall state briefly its further history. Created by Young Russia, it found its first opportunity to see the light of day during your civil war. The American people are probably not aware of the great boon which they have conferred upon us. We could not discuss social problems in the press, so we conceived an ingenious plan. Pretending to discuss the question of slavery in the South, and the social changes resulting from the American war, the Russian liberal press evaded the jealous eye of our government, and introduced under assumed American names every social problem of Russian life. A partial liberty of the press was also granted to create in Western Europe a high opinion of the Czar's benevolence, and this favored the deception. The two exponents of the new party—*Ruskie Slovo* (The Russian Word) and *Sovremiennik* (The Contemporary)—discussed the theories of SAINT SIMON and FOURIER, and the hints contained in their philosophical speculations found an exponent in pamphlets scattered broadcast among the public. Not until TOURGUÉNEFF had christened the movement with its present name of Nihilism, in his novel *Fathers and Sons*, published in 1866; not until KARGASOV had fired at the Czar, did our thick-headed police discover the purpose of the literary productions created by our cleverest writers. The pamphlets were seized, and found to contain the doctrine which had armed KARGASOV. The Nihilist papers were suppressed, their editors transported to Siberia; but the suppression and banishment came too late. Nihilism was a power in the land, and had its gospel, in the form of the celebrated novel published by TCHERNECHEFSKI, under the title *What to Do.* MIHAYLOV, pretending to comment upon Mr. MILL's teachings on the relation of the sexes, had proclaimed the absolute right of each sex to dissolve the marriage tie. DUBROLUBOV and PISAREV, the greatest of them all, had published their works, leaving no question concerning our society without solution from the Nihilistic stand-point. While they expounded Nihilism, NIETCHAYEV organized it into a living, mighty, and desperate engine, prepared to take the field in due time. It was the same NIETCHAYEV whom Switzerland extradited, and who was strangled in a railway car by the order of the Czar's government."

That the disease which has attacked the body-politic of Russia is deep and wide-spread there can be no doubt. It may be remembered that during the Russo-Turkish war one of the best English correspondents reported that almost all the Russian officers with whom he came in contact talked Nihilism. They avowed it as their political creed, though of course they obeyed the military spirit, and had no notion of doing anything in the face of an enemy but fight. There seems to be a general detestation of the government among persons who are educated and fairly well to do. They appear to be partly stung with indignation at the extreme severity of the government, and partly aggrieved by the prevailing corruption. There is not the upheaving of a beggared peasantry like that which ushered in the French Revolution, but there is a persuasion among those who are sufficiently educated to speculate on things that life, as life is in Russia, is not worth having. If there is nothing like Russian despotism elsewhere in Europe, so is there nothing in the character of any other nation like the tendency to dreamy melancholy which all those who, whether in fiction or otherwise, have attempted to portray Russian character, agree in describing as one of its leading traits. Says the *Saturday Review*: "A few Germans may have gone through something of the kind in the age of Wertherism, but no one ever represented Wertherism as characteristic of Germans generally. Unless their own novelists wrong them, there is an inborn Wertherism in Russians. The war may have deepened the feeling, for it is the kind of feeling which is easily deepened in troubled times, but its existence is in no way explained by the war." Where this sort of melancholy exists there is a disposition to brood over wrongs, but to be indifferent to remedies. The Nihilists apparently have no Russia which they wish to substitute for the Russia which exists. They merely hate those who control the present government and work the machinery of Russia as it is, and are ready to lay down their lives if only they may previously have the satisfaction of killing those who represent and conduct the system they detest.

UNHOPED DELIGHT.

I CHOSE the fairest nook of garden soil,
And covered warm within its natal bed
The seed, wherefrom, with dew and sunlight fed,
I hoped should rise the offspring of my toil,
My promised flower, my golden cinquefoil.
But when the soft green leaflets upward spread,
The shoot that should have borne the queenly head
Shrank, nipped and brown, the frost's untimely spoil.
Long hours I wept, and made my passionate moan,
Till morn came trembling through the tearful night,
And lo! a peerless lily rosy-white,
A flower of God by some bird-angel sown,
Beside my perished dream of joy had grown,
To give for hope foregone unhoped delight.

THE BRIGAND LOVERS.

"YES, Pietro Finucci is a worthless hound!" exclaimed Caterina Graglia, an old Sicilian peasant, who had been abusing the said Pietro till she was fairly out of breath. "Dost hear me, Giannetta, mule that thou art?"

This question was addressed to a girl who stood leaning against the door-post of Caterina's cottage, basking in the sun, and plying her knitting-needles unceasingly.

"Talk on, my grandmother, if it pleases thee," answered Giannetta, without raising her eyes from her work.

"It would please me to see thee obedient, fool! I say it again. Thy Pietro is a rascal. A pretty story truly is this, that Caterina Graglia's granddaughter should waste her love on a lawless brigand, who is too idle to earn his bread by honest labor! But his time will soon be over, let us hope. Pietro is only sharpening the knife for his own throat."

"Who says so?" inquired Giannetta, quickly, and she stopped short in her knitting.

"Everybody, except those who, like thee, have been born without sense," was the reply.

"Thy friend Luigi Lulli, perhaps," suggested the girl, with a bitter sneer.

"And if Luigi did say so, what then?" screamed Caterina. "He at least is an excellent man, and truthful."

"No, he is a mean fellow," replied her granddaughter, tugging impatiently at a knot in her wool. "It is not in his nature to speak well of others."

"Come, revile him not!" retorted the old woman, angrily. "This village contains no man more respectable."

Here Caterina, who all this time was busily occupied in counting and sorting tomatoes, fell out in her reckoning, and had to be silent for a space. When she spoke again, it was in a whining, wheedling tone.

"And yet, my little Giannetta, thou wilt continue to wring thy grandmother's heart, and add to the number of her gray hairs, by refusing the offer of marriage which the good Luigi has made thee. Consider his position! Is he not a *borghèse*? is he not rich? has he not a productive farm? Look from the door where thou standest, and thou wilt see his vineyards, his mulberry plantations, and his olive groves. And 'tis possible for thee to be mistress of all this! I say that Luigi Lulli does thee, Giannetta—common country girl that thou art—no small honor in seeking thee for his wife."

Giannetta laughed, quietly. "Thou art tired, perhaps, of my company, grandmother," said she, "and anxious to be rid of me. But this can be done without my marrying Lulli, whom I hate. What sayest thou to my joining Pietro, and wandering with him and his band? The life would be free and new, with danger sometimes to give it a flavor."

"Ah, a truce to this folly!" cried Caterina, in a rage. "May the devil take thee and thy beggarly Pietro, and fry you together!" She seized a tomato, and flung it at Giannetta with all her might. Her aim was not good. The tomato flew through the cottage door, and broke in pieces on the sun-baked ground outside.

Giannetta took no notice, but worked on in silence. She was accustomed to these outbursts.

"Thou art always telling me, grandmother," she presently observed, "that Luigi loves me, but I think differently. He seems now to have all his attention fixed on Antonia Baraldi, who so lately returned to her friends here from Palermo, where she was waiting-woman to a noble *contessa*, who, dying, bequeathed her money, besides dresses and ornaments. To see Antonia in church or at market, you would take her for a great lady. She wears costly lace, and her gold ear-rings are longer and more shapely than those thou hast laid by in thy chest."

"Speak not to me of Antonia, that despicable *donnaccia* with airs above her station. She has not thy beauty nor thy youth; and as to her wealth, there are others who have saved as well as she. Ah, Giannetta, gold ear-rings are not the only things laid by in thy grandmother's chest. Because I live meanly, it may appear to thee that I do not possess a *bajocco*. But wait and see." Caterina paused, sighed, and then added, fretfully, "Remember, no money of mine will ever fall to thee, if thou dost not encourage Luigi's suit. I will leave it all to the Church, to pay for masses for my soul."

On hearing this, Giannetta laughed in the same subdued manner as she had laughed before. Then, stuffing her knitting into her pocket, she stretched her arms out straight, and yawned. She was only nineteen, though she looked older. Her figure was robust—as was natural in an active, hardy peasant-girl—but at the same time graceful from its perfect symmetry. Her bare arms, which she was now stretching to their utmost length, were beautifully formed. Her face was full of expression, not altogether of a pleasing sort. The forehead was low and broad; the eyebrows were strongly marked; the brown eyes were large and lustrous, yet not soft. Her mouth was her coarsest feature; but in opening it she displayed a magnificent row of gleaming teeth.

Caterina, having arranged her tomatoes in three baskets, sat down to her spinning-wheel.

"And now, lazy one," said she, addressing the girl, "go and fill thy pitcher at the fountain; and on the way offer a prayer at the shrine of the Holy Virgin that thy willful heart may be changed."

Giannetta quitted the cottage without answering, and, having fetched a stone pitcher from the shed, strolled forth on her errand. Caterina's cottage stood away from the village of Serbino on a by-path leading to Luigi's domains. On this by-path, about half way between the cottage and the high-road, was the shrine alluded to by the old woman. Here, placed in a niche in a wall and protected by a wire grating, stood a small dusty effigy of the Virgin Mary, crowned with artificial roses.

Giannetta put down her pitcher on arriving at this point, and began muttering a hurried prayer, standing the while. Her prayer was by no means in accordance with that dictated by her grandmother, since she called down the blessings of Heaven on herself and Pietro.

She broke off suddenly on perceiving a man coming toward her from the direction of the village. She knew him at once. It was Luigi Lulli. There was no mistaking his awkward gait, his manner of wearing his hat pulled over his eyes, and, above all, his morose mien. She took up the pitcher, and was preparing to pass him with no further salutation than an inclination of the head, when he halted right in front of her.

"Good-day to you, Giannetta Graglia," said he. "Tell me why it is you always look another way when I approach. Am I so very dreadful to the sight?"

"Signor Lulli condescends to take too much notice of a poor *contadina*," answered the girl, with well-feigned humility.

"Prettily said, by Bacchus! Be assured that if you will only reward him with one glance, Signor Lulli is prepared to be more condescending still, and to salute you with a kiss." Luigi smiled as he spoke—at least he meant to smile, though he only leered. He received in reply a look which staggered him, for it expressed anything rather than affection. Provoked though he felt, he managed to conceal his mortification.

"There, don't be afraid," said he. "I know how to treat haughty young women like you with proper respect."

She was about to move on, but he placed himself again in her path. The expression of his face had completely changed. He was now scowling fiercely.

"Listen, Giannetta Graglia," he continued. "Whence do you think I have just come?"

"I know not," she answered.

"Well, I have been laying a complaint before the syndic of Serbino, the subject of which may interest you."

Giannetta started, though she tried to look unconcerned.

"Last night," pursued Luigi, "the miserable cowardly brigands, who hide themselves on the mountain yonder, made a descent on my farm, stole three of my sheep, dug up a patch of potatoes, and stripped my fruit trees. They beat one of my farm-servants brutally, and made an attempt to enter my dwelling, though they were unable to effect that, happily. It is no longer safe for me to venture to any distance from my house, as their object is, I have reason to believe, to seize me."

Giannetta bit her lip to avoid smiling. It seemed to her very unfortunate that the brigands had not seized him long ago.

Luigi read her thoughts pretty accurately from her face, and continued in a voice even harsher than before. "The syndic, with whom I have just been to relate the outrage, assures me that our government is most desirous of stamping out brigandage. You will be glad to hear, then, that the small *compagnia d'armi*, which has hitherto pretended to guard us, will shortly be re-enforced. The fresh troops will be sent here with instructions to scour the country, drive the brigands from their hiding-places, take them prisoners, or shoot them down if need be. We innocent folks may therefore look forward to a period of security, as

well as to the pleasure of seeing such scoundrels as Pietro Finucci dealt with as they deserve."

Having snarled out these last words, Luigi took himself off, leaving Giannetta considerably disturbed. She turned a shade paler, and leaned a moment for support against the side of the shrine. That she could hate with a savage hatred was pretty evident from the look she cast at the farmer's broad back as he gradually disappeared from view. Arrived at the fountain, a favorite resort of gossips, she found several women collected there, jabbering together in discordant voices. Some were scouring pans and pails, others washing clothes; others lounging in a row, awaiting their turn to fill with water whatever vessel they had brought. The news of the coming of the soldiers had reached these good people, and on Giannetta's making her appearance among them, they greeted her with a storm of banter.

"How about thy Pietro now?" cried one.

"He will have to dig his onions in other gardens than ours for the future," laughed another.

"If he ever returns to Serbino, 'twill be with a hook in his lip," jeered a third.

"Or a bullet in his back, for he's sure to run away," shouted a great corpulent *lavandaja*, leaning up to her brown elbows in soap-suds.

The fire of rustic wit grew sharper as it continued, though, as everybody took finally to speaking at once, the choicest specimens were lost in the general hubbub. Giannetta was usually quite able to give as good as she got at this kind of sport; but on the present occasion she was downhearted, and therefore all the more sensitive to any sting such observations might convey. She hung her head sulkily, and hardly prevented herself from bursting out crying. A loud dispute on some trivial subject ensuing between two of the women, she got the opportunity of filling her pitcher ere the quarrel was settled; and this done, she made her way home, drearily conscious that a dark shadow had obscured the sunshine of her life.

That Giannetta Graglia had bestowed her affections on an unworthy object was only too true. She had known Pietro Finucci, who was five years her senior, from her earliest childhood. She had chosen him as her boy-champion and playmate, while he in return took a pride in protecting her, and considered her his particular property. They could neither of them probably have said how or when they had blossomed into engaged lovers, so gradual had been the growth of their attachment. Certain it is that when he was twenty and she fifteen they had agreed to marry. The intimacy was encouraged by Giannetta's parents; but at their deaths (which occurred in the same month) the orphan fell to the charge of her paternal grandmother, who, having no other relative to care for, guarded her with a jealous eye. It was only when the prosperous Luigi Lulli seemed disposed to come forward as a suitor, that old Caterina evinced any desire to see her grandchild settled in life. Pietro, when he grew up, obtained employment as a laborer on Luigi's farm. To one of his restless disposition such work was intolerably irksome. However, the notion that, by thus toiling, he might some day win Giannetta, encouraged him to persevere. It may be imagined what his feelings were when he discovered (as he at last did) that his employer coveted the prize he had in view, and was likely to win it if Caterina had her way. He was in utter despair. His misery was increased by the brutality of Lulli, who, finding that he had a rival in one of his own laborers, treated him with spiteful severity. This Pietro could not brook. He left the farmer's service with the point of many a past insult rankling in his breast. He was now his own master, but too poor to be idle. What was he to do? The idea of a brigand's life had always attracted him. Some of the companions of his early youth had started on that wild career, and made the mountainous country around Serbino the scene of their exploits. The stirring accounts he received of their adventures, and of the riches they had amassed by obtaining enormous ransoms for their captives, inflamed his imagination. He fancied he saw opening before him a short road to wealth, and a fair chance of revenging himself on his enemy Luigi. When first he confided his resolution to Giannetta, she was horrified; but, like a true woman, who can always find something heroic even in the crimes of the man she loves, she soon got to regard his conduct with secret admiration. In vain did the widow Graglia heap all the coarsest terms of abuse at her command on the reckless Pietro. The more vociferously the crone scolded, the more obstinately did her granddaughter cling to the idol of her heart.

The brigands infesting the district of Serbino numbered some seventy to eighty men. They rarely kept together, though when it was necessary they worked in combination. They were divided into gangs of twelve or less, each gang led by a captain. Of one of these Pietro became the acknowledged chief, and had entire control over his followers. As long as their provisions lasted they would remain distant from the village, and haunt the roads on the look-out for unsuspecting travellers; but when pressed by hunger they would return to its vicinity, and either buy food at exorbitant prices from the peasants, or—if sorely pinched—steal what they could find. The villagers looked upon the brigands and their doings with widely different feelings. Luigi Lulli, the only man of substance in the place, and one to whose well-being peace and security were essential, of course desired their suppression. Many who felt as he did, forbore from taking any measures against them, for fear of incurring the *vendetta*. Others, however, were quite content that men who paid them so handsomely for their sympathy and assistance should be left unmolested.

Giannetta and her brigand lover were thus separated. Nevertheless, there was constant communication between them. The messenger they usually employed was a little imp of a goat-herd named Alessandro, whose duty it was to drive Lulli's goats up the mountain-side to feed. The boy's parents were among those who found it paid to show favor to the brigands, and their hopeful son acted under their orders. He earned absolutely nothing but his food from Lulli, whereas from Pietro, or others of the band, he often received a small coin, which appeared to him a large fortune. Little, indeed, did his employer imagine how faithfully he was served by this deceitful urchin, who had really assisted in the stealing of his sheep, fruit, and potatoes.

A full week had passed since Giannetta's disagreeable meeting with her slighted admirer Luigi, and the only event of importance which occurred during that time was the arrival of the expected *compagnia d'armi*. The soldiers composing this corps took up their quarters in some disused stables near the convent. After a preliminary search in the neighborhood, without any result beyond seeing the sort of country in which their labors would lie, they settled comfortably down to loll in the sunshine in the little piazza, or smoke, or doze, or gamble—waiting, in fact, till an alarm of the marauders being nigh should render their active services necessary.

It was on the evening after the soldiers had arrived that Giannetta, on her way to the fountain, came suddenly on little Alessandro, who was seated on the ground by the shrine, peeling an almond switch, and looking all innocence. Glancing around, to be sure that nobody was within hearing, he handed her a letter from her lover, whom it seemed he had met when up the mountain with his goats that morning. Giannetta had trouble in deciphering Pietro's scrawl, though she succeeded in doing so at last. It informed her that the writer and his companions were in a terrible strait, having tasted no food to speak of for three days. To approach the village, now that the troops were on the watch, was too dangerous to be attempted. She was therefore adjured to procure provisions without delay, and bring them next morning at daybreak to a point which he indicated with exactness.

Giannetta was sorely perplexed. In the first place, she had no money to spend in getting the desired supplies; and if she had, her buying them in any quantity might look suspicious. She quite felt, too, what a hazardous task she had been asked to undertake. It seemed to her that she dared not comply, and for a moment she thought of charging Alessandro with a message to such effect. But she changed her mind again at once. Pietro's commands must be obeyed at any risk. He might die of hunger if not succored immediately. She dismissed Alessandro abruptly, lest his presence should cause her to waver in her decision.

As for food, she must take whatever she could lay hands on in her grandmother's cottage, where there was at least an ample supply of bacon, cheese, and bread. These victuals she would supplement as best she could, and carry the whole off on donkey back before dawn. Ere she lay down that night she had planned her expedition carefully, and performed it in imagination several times. She never closed her eyes, but kept tossing and thinking, till the sound of measured snores proved that Caterina, a heavy sleeper, had actually departed for the land of dreams. It was to the accompaniment of this bass music that she rose between two and three, and commenced her search. She was not long in collecting four bottles of marsala, a bottle of milk, two cheeses, some bacon, and some loaves of rye bread. Then creeping out to the patch of garden by the cottage, she accomplished the slaughter of four fat chickens, and filled two small sacks, one with onions, the other with plums. Her docile donkey (Felice she called him) stood patiently while she loaded his panniers with all these good things.

The church clock struck four as she set out. The moon, which in the early hours of the night had shone brilliantly, had now almost faded. A uniform tint of clear even gray overspread earth and heaven. Walking by Felice's side, and resting her hand from time to time on his neck, she passed the little shrine, making an obeisance as she did so, crossed the high-road, and struck into a steep mule-path which ran straggling up the mountain-side. A thick dew lay on grass and shrub, and the air was cool and invigorating. She and her donkey having picked their way among the stones strewing the bed of a dry torrent, entered a grove of chestnut-trees. Emerging again from this, they toiled up a long ascent, till they reached a watering-place for cattle, where the water arising from a copious spring flowed into a wide deep trough. Here they paused for a bit.

The valley Giannetta had left stretched away beneath her gaze; but a lingering opaqueness in the atmosphere prevented her as yet descrying the buildings of Serbino. The day meanwhile had fully dawned, and a warm flush on the eastern horizon heralded the approach of the sun. There soon followed all the pageantry of cloud billows dyed in pink and gold, rolling swiftly upward, while dense wreaths of mist, riven by those fiery darts, separated and vanished. Then came the magical disrobement of mountain heights, whose jagged outlines heaved black and sharp against the ruddy glow of the morning. Far, far away, apparently in mid-heaven, the dazzling peak of Etna, blushing a deep rose, could be distinctly seen.

A sunrise was no novelty for our young peasant. If she noticed it at all, it was rather to guess at the exact time than to enjoy the glorious illumination of the landscape. She had as yet neither breakfasted nor made herself tidy for the coming interview with Pietro. Some bread and cheese and a plum or two, washed down by a draught of delicious spring water, formed her meal. To Felice she gave a few onions to munch. She next moistened her abundant black hair in the water which ran through the trough, and replaited it with care. Conscious that she was now looking her best, she smiled contentedly, and led Felice forward. The path became rougher as she mounted. The ground was covered with loose stones; and here and there, from among a tangle of low-growing shrubs, rose gaunt pine-trees, whose summits were beginning to be faintly burnished by the ascending sun. She stopped at a point where a small pyramid of stones had been erected, and clapped her hands thrice. A low whistle was the response to this signal, and immediately afterward Pietro emerged from behind a thicket. He advanced alone, leaving four of his gang, who were with him, in the hiding-place he had just quitted. He wore a jacket of faded blue cloth edged with scarlet braid, and adorned with a multitude of tarnished metal buttons. His trousers, of the same material, were threadbare and patched in many places. His boots were worn into holes, and thickly crusted with dried mud. He had left his gun in charge of his companions; but in the broad leather belt encircling his waist were a revolver, a knife, and a supply of cartridges.

Pietro Finucci, even in this mean attire, presented a picturesque appearance. His figure was tall and well proportioned; his hair and mustache were as black as jet; his features were regular and sharply chiselled. There was something peculiarly winning in the expression of his dark eyes. When he spoke it was in a sweet low voice which many a woman might have envied.

Giannetta ran forward to meet him, and flung herself into his arms. They embraced with rapture.

"Faithful little one," said the brigand, holding the girl's face between his hands, and gazing down into her glowing eyes; "I would not have asked thee to incur this danger, if we had not been starving."

"Then eat, eat, in the name of the Holy Mother!" cried Giannetta, as, rushing back to where Felice had halted, she began unloading the panniers in hot haste. Her heart throbbed with pleasure. Pietro had called her faithful. What better reward could she have than that? A few minutes later, Pietro and his hungry companions (who had been summoned to the spot) were sitting in a circle eating as only half-famished men can, and swallowing deep draughts of Caterina's wine, while Giannetta, beaming and gratified, waited on them in turn. But there was no time to spare. When they had eaten their fill, the four men carried off the rest of the provisions, and vanished. Their leader lingered behind them for a moment.

"I entreat thee to forsake this dangerous life," said Giannetta, as he bid her farewell. "The soldiers are everywhere on the watch; and Lulli, since his sheep were taken, is more incensed against thee than ever. Give thyself up to justice. They can but imprison thee as they did Filippo Sunio, and thou wilt escape being hunted down and shot, as though thou wert a wolf." She joined her hands together in solemn supplication.

"Impossible!" was the reply. "It would be treachery to desert my companions now, of all times: nor do I wish it. Besides, a portion of our band has lately captured a rich *galantuomo* —from Naples, they say—with wealth untold. A ransom of twenty thousand ducats has been demanded from his relations, who, I understand, are prepared to pay that, and more if we insist. In all this I shall share. Ah! thou wilt see me rich some day. Time enough to be honest then. Farewell! Smile not on Lulli, but be true to me." He kissed her fondly and ran off.

Giannetta returned more quickly than she had come, inasmuch as her path lay down hill, and Felice bore a lighter load. As she advanced from beneath the pleasant shade of the chestnut-trees, she looked down on Lulli's vineyard, which extended some way up the slope she was descending. To her dismay she saw Lulli himself standing among the vines! There was no avoiding him. Pass him she must—indeed, he had already perceived her.

"You are abroad betimes, Giannetta," he exclaimed, coming toward her. "Is it your custom to be absent from home at this hour?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered, in a faltering voice.

"You have been to fetch nothing," said Luigi, "for these panniers, I perceive, are empty. For what reason, then, was this early expedition made, my girl?"

Giannetta was wondering how she should answer, when Luigi, who was keeping pace with her, continued, hurriedly, and in a tone of excessive irritation:

"There, do not trouble yourself to invent any lies about the matter, since I know quite well where you have been and what to do. Do you think I did not see you toiling up the mountain before sunrise with your donkey load of provisions? In these insecure times I have to perform my own patrol, and am therefore about at all hours. Nor has my trouble been fruitless, since I have caught you in a trap."

Giannetta turned pale with apprehension.

"Of course you were taking supplies to Pietro Finucci, the cobbler's son," continued her tormentor. "A worthy object for such attention, truly! But it is not of him I would speak now. The soldiers will quickly settle his affair. It is with yourself I have to deal. Giannetta Graglia, I once loved you, and would gladly have made you my wife, and mistress of my house and lands. But you returned me nothing but scorn. My love for you is a thing of the past, however. I now detest you. Listen to the pleasant surprise I have prepared for you! It has been decided by the government that those in any way aiding or abetting the brigands shall be punished with the utmost rigor. I will therefore denounce you to the syndic before another hour has passed, and he will give you cause to repent of your morning's expedition." He looked to see what effect this stunning intelligence had on his victim; but as she never moved a muscle of her face, nor appeared even to hear him, he turned on his heel and strode off along the high-road toward the village.

On coming in sight of her grandmother's abode, Giannetta beheld the old woman standing before the door, beating her breast and making other signs of despair. Caterina had indeed awakened that morning only to find Giannetta flown and her cupboards ransacked. Her astonishment thereat was increased by the further discovery that Felice and four of her chickens were missing. The conviction seized her that Giannetta must have carried out the intention she sometimes half jokingly announced, of going to join Pietro in his wanderings. Upon this she set up a howl of misery, and ran hither and thither without any definite object, till she sank on the ground exhausted. She had just recovered sufficiently to recommence her lamentations in proper form, when she espied the truants returning.

The sight turned her sorrow into joy. She ran forward to embrace her grandchild and the donkey as well; but a glance at the empty panniers checked her. Blessed saints that guard us! where were her bacon, her beloved cheeses, and her loaves—not to mention her wine and fresh milk? Who had seized her precious chickens? She needed no answer to these questions. Giannetta's face and empty panniers told her all. Yes, she had been despoiled to provide for the brigands, whom she abhorred! Then she began to call the girl hard names, and even ran at her to strike her. But Giannetta nimbly evaded the blow, and slipping to one side, allowed her assailant to come into violent collision with Felice's nose.

Thinking that Caterina's temper might improve in solitude, Giannetta forbore from entering their dwelling at once. She began pacing up and down between it and the shrine, pondering anxiously on Luigi's threat. While thus engaged, she was approached by two men, one a soldier carrying a musket, and the other an individual who stated that he was a messenger from the syndic, and informed her that that functionary desired her presence immediately. Resistance was out of the question. She intimated that she was prepared to go with them: and so, with the soldier on one side and the messenger on the other, she marched off to the piazza, where the syndic lived.

The syndic of Serbino was a little shrivelled elderly man with a mild aspect, but a very pompous air. He was seated at a rickety table in his office when the captive was brought before him, and he examined her, not unkindly, from over his gold-rimmed spectacles. Lulli, the accuser, stood near him, still agitated from the energy with which he had been talking.

Giannetta was aware that truthfulness was a virtue, yet the expediency of falsehood, under certain conditions, was a far more intelligible doctrine to her. She had determined, had Lulli not been by, to give a flat denial to all the charges against her; but the sight of his malignant countenance showed her that such a course would be unavailing. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground while being questioned, and answered either by a shrug of her shoulders, or a gesture with arms outstretched, which said as plainly as words could, "What would you have me say, when you know the whole story already?"

The syndic delighted in the exercise of his small authority. Few men could administer a rebuke with such dignity as he. He reminded the erring *contadina* that complicity with the brigands was a crime almost as black as brigandage itself. He then went on to explain that as she was the *innamorata* of the abominable Pietro Finucci, and as she had been found conveying food to the said abominable Pietro, who might otherwise have died of hunger without giving any more trouble, it was clear that his allowing her to remain at liberty would be a highly culpable act. He therefore considered it his duty, in the cause of order, to condemn Giannetta Graglia to be imprisoned until the abominable Pietro should either give himself up to justice, or fall into the hands of the troops—an event which, he ventured to hope, might speedily arrive.

Giannetta was accordingly led off to a neighboring cow-house, which was to serve as her cell. Across the threshold she was pushed, and the door was slammed and bolted behind her. Into this wretched place daylight was admitted through a small grated aperture in the wall. A sack of dead leaves by way of a bed, and a three-legged stool, were all the furniture it contained.

She was weary enough, for the day had been an anxious one; but she was nowise discouraged. She found nothing humiliating in the reproaches of the syndic, nothing shameful in being imprisoned, since all had been incurred for the sake of Pietro—Pietro, for whom she would suffer martyrdom if that were necessary. To know that she had really reached him with food, and saved him and his companions from possible starvation, was so gratifying a recollection as to banish all thought more sombre.

She threw herself on the couch provided for her, and, supporting her head on her hand, closed her eyes for a few moments. When she opened them, a broad yellow sunbeam had shot through the iron grating in the wall, and had fallen, a quivering bar of light, across the filthy pavement of her cell. She was glad of its arrival. It seemed like a friend come to bear her company. All at once the beam was obscured. Looking up to learn the cause, she saw a pair of eyes, a nose and mouth at the grating, though to whom these features belonged she could not guess at first. All doubt on that head, however, was cleared up when the shrill tones of old Caterina broke the silence.

"Did I not tell thee it would come to this, wilful fool?" she croaked through the bars. "But stay there: it will benefit thee to be brought to thy senses by whatever means. Powers above! what crime has Caterina Graglia committed that she should be thus dishonored? Oh, thou thankless girl, where are my chickens that I was fat-